



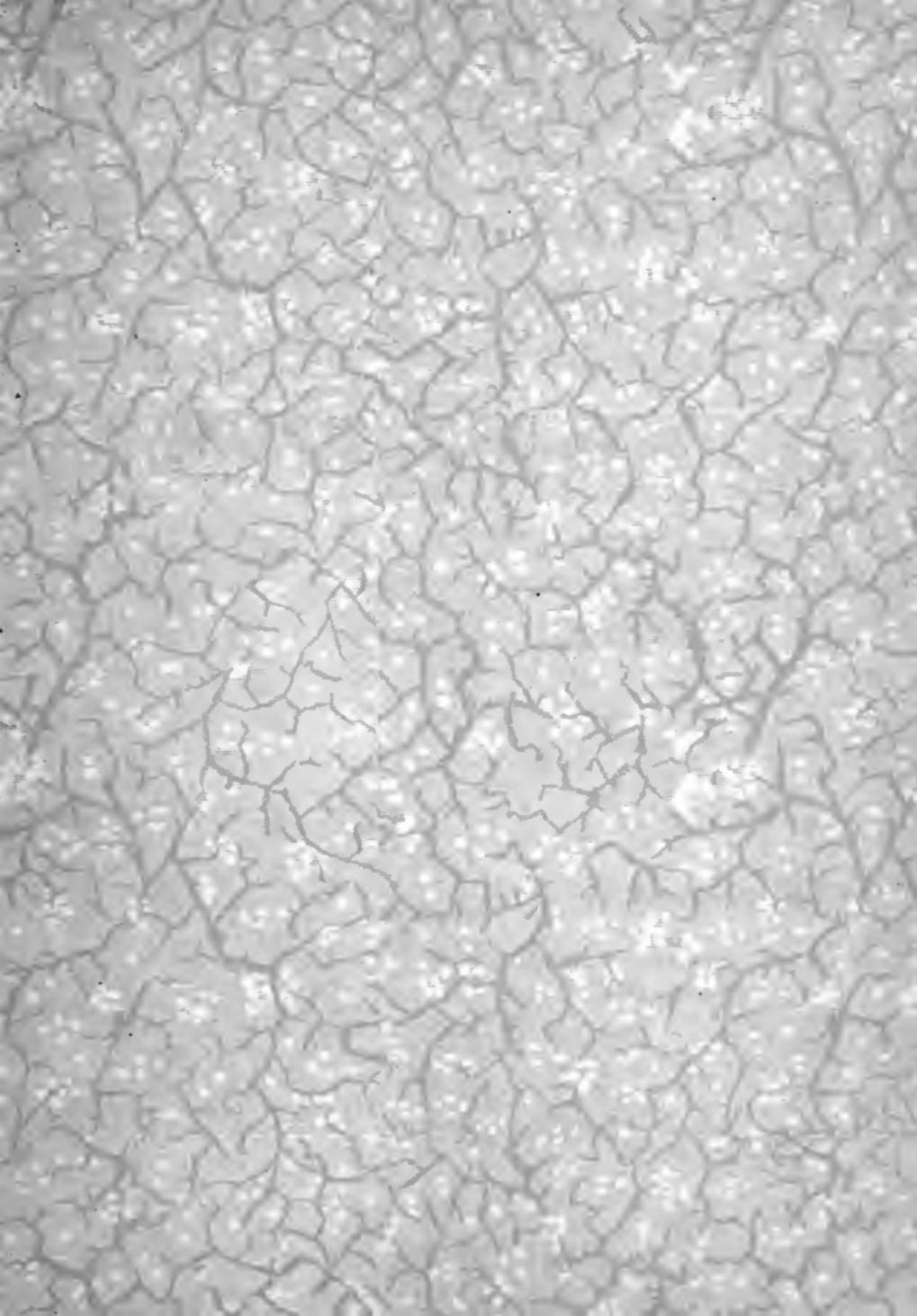
By
JOSEPHINE POLLARD

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VAGRANT VERSES.

BY

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.
" /



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J. P.

NEW YORK, 1886.

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VAGRANT VERSES.

A LITTLE WAY.

ALITTLE way—I know it is not far
To that dear home where my be-
loved are;

And yet my faith grows weaker, as I stand
A poor, lone pilgrim in a dreary land,
Where present pain the future bliss ob-
scures.

And still my heart sits, like a bird, upon
The empty nest, and mourns its treasures
gone ;
Plumed for their flight,
And vanished quite.

Ah ! me, where is the comfort ?—though I
say
They have but journeyed on a little way.

A little way—at times they seem so near,
Their voices ever murmur at my ear ;
To all my duties loving presence lend,
And with sweet ministry my steps attend
And bring my soul the luxury of tears.

'Twas here we met, and parted company ;
Why should their gain be such a grief to
me ?

This sense of loss !

This heavy cross !

Dear Saviour, take the burden off, I pray,
And show me Heaven is but—a little way.

These sober robes, these saddened faces,
all

The bitterness, and pain, of death recall ;
Ah, let me turn my face where'er I may,
I see the traces of a sure decay ;

And parting takes the marrow out of life.
Secure in bliss, we hold the golden chain,
Which death, with scarce a warning, snaps
in twain ;

And never more,

Shall time restore

The broken links ;—'twas only yesterday
They vanished from our sight—a little way !

A little way !—this sentence I repeat,
Hoping, and longing, to extract some sweet
To mingle with the bitter. From Thy
hand

I take the cup I cannot understand,
And in my weakness give myself to thee !

Although it seems so very, very far
To that dear home where my beloved are,
I know, I know,
It is not so;
O give me faith to feel it, when I say
That they are gone—gone but a little way!

ALWAYS A RIVER TO CROSS.

 THERE'S always a river to cross,
Always an effort to make
If there's any thing good to win,
Any rich prize to take;
Yonder's the fruit we crave;
Yonder the charming scene;
But deep and wide, with a troubled tide,
Is the river that lies between.

For the treasures of precious worth
We must patiently dig and dive;
For the places we long to fill
We must push, and struggle, and drive;
And always and every-where
We'll find in our onward course,
Thorns for the feet, and trials to meet,
And a difficult river to cross.

The rougher the way that we take,
 The stouter the heart and the nerve;
 The stones in our path we break,
 Nor e'er from our impulse swerve;
 For the glory we hope to win,
 Our labors we count no loss;
 'Tis folly to pause and murmur because
 Of the river we have to cross.

So, ready to do and to dare,
 Should we in our places stand,
 Fulfilling the Master's will,
 Fulfilling the soul's demand;
 For though as the mountains high
 The billows may rear and toss,
 They'll not o'erwhelm if the Lord's at the
 helm
 When the difficult river we cross!

'TWILL NOT BE LONG.

TWILL not be long—this wearying
 commotion,
 That marks its passage in the human
 breast,
 And, like the billows on the heaving ocean
 That ever rock the cradle of unrest,

Will soon subside ; the happy time is nearing,
When bliss, not pain, shall have its rich
increase,
E'en unto thee the dove may now be steering
With glorious message. Wait and hold
thy peace,
'Twill not be long !

The lamps go out ; the stars give up their
shining ;

The world is lost in darkness for awhile ;
And foolish hearts give way to sad repining,
And feel as though they ne'er again could
smile.

Why murmur thus, the needful lesson scorn-
ing ?

O, read thy Teacher and his word aright ;
The world would have no greeting for the
morning,

If 'twere not for the darkness of the night ;
'Twill not be long !

'Twill not be long ; the strife will soon be
ended ;

The doubts, the fear, the agony, the pain,
Will seem but as the clouds that low de-
scended,

To yield their treasure to the parchéd
plain.

The times of weakness, and of sore temptations,

 Of bitter grief and agonizing cry ;
These earthly cares and ceaseless tribulations

 Will bring a blissful harvest by and by—
 'Twill not be long !

'Twill not be long; the eye of faith discerning

The wondrous glory that shall be revealed,
Instructs the soul, that every day is learning

 The better wisdom which the world concealed.

And soon, ay, soon, there'll be an end of
teaching,

When mortal vision finds immortal sight,
And her true place the soul in gladness
reaching,

Beholds the glory of the Infinite.

 'Twill not be long !

"'Twill not be long!" the heart goes on
repeating;

It is the burden of the mourner's song ;
The work of grace in us He is completing,
 Who thus assures us—"It will not be
long."

His rod and staff our fainting steps sustaining

Our hope and comfort every day will be;
And we may bear our cross as uncomplaining
As He who leads us unto Calvary;
 'Twill not be long!

THE COMING YEARS.

*S*EED-TIME and harvest with assured
 succession

Have paid their tribute to the buried
 past.

The golden fruit has been in our possession
 Only to crumble into dust at last.

Of joy too often have our hearts been cheated,
 While sorrow led us through a vale of
 tears.

And every bitter pang will be repeated
 Surely, ay, surely, through the coming
 years.

Untimely frost will chill our fairest blossom,
 Mad billows sweep our treasures from our
 sight,

And earth receive into its cold, cold bosom
 The only thing in which we took delight.

Already clothed in majesty most solemn,
The foe of peace and happiness appears,
Prepared to follow the advancing column,
The grand procession of the coming years.

O yesterdays ! so full of buried treasure,
So full of bliss, and yet so incomplete,
Only by your departure can we measure
The richness of those hours love made so
sweet.

So brief ! so sweet ! we part from them with
sadness,
And keep their memory fragrant with
our tears,
Knowing full well our hearts shall have of
gladness
A meager portion in the coming years.

The coming years ! O foolish, foolish guess-
ers,
Little ye know of what is “yea” or “nay;”
Of doubts and fears the cowardly confessers,
Ye rob to-morrow and defraud to-day.
Be this your beacon-light in hours of sadness,
Higher and deeper than your hopes and
fears,
That, like a miracle of youth and gladness,
Christ cometh ever with the coming years.

Trust him, though other joys slip from your keeping,

Trust him, my soul, and patiently await
The time appointed for a blissful reaping,

None the less precious that it cometh late.
E'en as the sun, the morning mist dispelling,

The heart of nature with its promise
cheers,

So love from day to day is sweetly telling
Of faithful service through the coming
years.

WHERE DO YOU LIVE?

 KNEW a man, and his name was
Horner,

Who used to live on Grumble Corner;
Grumble Corner in Cross-Patch Town,
And he never was seen without a frown.
He grumbled at this; he grumbled at that;
He growled at the dog; he growled at the
cat;

He grumbled at morning; he grumbled at
night;

And to grumble and growl were his chief
delight.

He grumbled so much at his wife that she
Began to grumble as well as he;
And all the children, wherever they went,
Reflected their parents' discontent.
If the sky was dark and betokened rain,
Then Mr. Horner was sure to complain ;
And if there was never a cloud about
He'd grumble because of a threatened
drought.

His meals were never to suit his taste ;
He grumbled at having to eat in haste ;
The bread was poor, or the meat was tough,
Or else he hadn't had half enough.
No matter how hard his wife might try
To please her husband, with scornful eye
He'd look around, and then, with a scowl
At something or other, begin to growl.

One day, as I loitered along the street,
My old acquaintance I chanced to meet,
Whose face was without the look of care,
And the ugly frown that it used to wear.
“I may be mistaken, perhaps,” I said,
As, after saluting, I turned my head;
“But it is, and it isn’t, the Mr. Horner
Who lived so long on Grumble Corner!”

I met him next day; and I met him again,
In melting weather and pouring rain,
When stocks were up, and when stocks were
down;

But a smile somehow had replaced the frown.
It puzzled me much; and so, one day,
I seized his hand in a friendly way,
And said: "Mr. Horner, I'd like to know
What can have happened to change you
so?"

He laughed a laugh that was good to hear;
For it told of a conscience calm and clear,
And he said, with none of the old-time
drawl,

"Why, I've changed my residence, that is
all!"

"Changed your residence?" "Yes," said
Horner,

"It wasn't healthy on Grumble Corner,
And so I moved; 'twas a change complete;
And you'll find me now on THANKSGIVING
STREET!"

Now, every day as I move along
The streets so filled with the busy throng,
I watch each face, and can always tell
Where men and women and children dwell;

And many a discontented mourner
Is spending his days on Grumble Cor-
ner,
Sour and sad, whom I long to entreat
To take a house on THANKSGIVING
STREET.

THE BOOK OF BOOKS.

 HAVE a little book at home, it has
been mine for years ;
There's many, many a leaf within that's
blotted with my tears ;
The covers are defaced, and e'en the gild-
ing worn with age,
And pencil-marks are scattered round on
nearly every page.

My father gave this book to me, O, many
years ago,
When little of its real worth or import I
could know ;
It pleased my fancy and my pride ; I felt
extremely grand,
That I had such a pretty book to carry in
my hand.

But when the first great sorrow came—my
loving father died—
And broken-hearted, how I longed to lay
down by his side !
Within this book I found that God would
comfort and would bless,
And be a heavenly Father to the poor and
fatherless.

When I am saddened or perplexed, with
trials sore distressed,
I read that he will surely “give the heavy-
laden rest ;”
In every trouble of my life unto this rock I
flee,
And sweet refreshing streams of love seem
gushing out to me.

NOT ALL AT ONCE.

NOT all at once, but day by day,
Our debt of gratitude we pay
To Him whose care for us exceeds
Our knowledge of our daily needs.
As sun and showers
Enrich the flowers

That bud and bloom in yonder vale,
Nor deem it ill
To drink their fill
Of fragrant incense they exhale,
So we, who greater good receive
That we more noble lives may live,
As sweet acknowledgment may pay,
Not all at once—but day by day.

Not all at once may we attain
To any good we hope to gain,
Nor soar by rapid, eager flights
From darkest depths to sunnier heights.
The little rills
That skirt the hills
And breathe a trembling melody,
May join ere long
The solemn song,
The anthem of the sounding sea.
Through dark ravine, down mountain slope,
Through all the labyrinths of hope,
They journey on their devious way,
And gather courage day by day.

Not all at once does heaven appear
To those who watch with vision clear,
And eager longings to behold
Its pearly gates and streets of gold ;

But from the wheel
Of life we reel
The silken thread so finely spun,
Through light and gloom,
Nor leave the loom
Till death declares our task is done.
And if the heart with love be filled,
And if the soul with joy be thrilled,
Then heaven will shine upon our way,
Not all at once—but day by day !

OLD AND NEW.

THE Old Year sat beside the hearth
In thoughtful mood ; the hour was
late ;
And ere he vanished from the earth,
The past he fain would contemplate.
“I brought a wealth of joy for those
Who had o'erburdened been with grief,”
He said, “and for unnumbered woes
Furnished the cordial of relief.

“To some I gave a garden’s bloom,
Sweet pansies and forget-me-nots ;
To some the cypress, and the tomb,
The barrenness of desert spots.

With Love I tarried for a while,
Breathing the sweet elysian air ;
And bidding Hope serenely smile
Across the threshold of Despair.

“I entered on my natal hour
Burdened alike with bliss and bane,
Commissioned by my Lord to dower
Some hearts with ease, and some with pain.
Where happiness had rich increase,
I shall be honored long, I know ;
But those I robbed of joy and peace—
They will be glad to have me go !

“I’ve followed many a bridal train ;
Have watched by many a lonely bier :
With birth and death, with loss and gain,
Made up the record of the year.
And now beside December’s gate
Where hangs the years’ alarum bell,
I pause to scan the past, and wait
The sound of my own funeral knell.

“*One!*—How the hours have slipped away !
Two!—Some will weep with sore regret;
Three!—Could I still on earth delay—
Four!—Some good I might accomplish
yet.

Five!—An angelic song awoke!

Six!—Surely are the fetters riven,
Seven!—Soon I shall hear the final stroke—

Eight!—Chime sweetly with the clock
of heaven!

“*Nine!*—I am nearer to my goal !

Ten!—Time must eternity begin !
Eleven!—Awake, immortal soul !

Twelve!—Farewell ! and let the New
Year in !”

“I come the Old Year’s debts to pay !

I come his promises to keep ;
To walk upon the world’s highway,
And deck the grave where dear ones sleep.
Where he gave smiles I may give tears,
Life’s path with good or ill bestrew ;
For unto him who views the years
The new is old, the old is new !”

MY WORKING DAYS.

 COUNT my working days the best,
When strong of will, and firm of nerve,
I did Ambition’s high behest,
And made all things my purpose serve.

I trod the path with eager feet
That led me on through days of toil,
And found my nightly slumbers sweet,
When angels fed my lamp with oil.

Then great and glowing was the prize
Toward which I aimed : a planet bright,
That shone before my wondering eyes
With no uncertain, wavering light.

How swift the busy moments sped !
How soon life's morning hours were spent!
And ever was my daily bread
Sweet with the honey of content !

The years may bring me rich reward ;
Rare fruitage of the seed once sown ;
And in my gran'ries may be stored
The generous gifts of every zone ;

But I shall miss the earnest strife,
That lured me on to reach the goal ;
That warmed the currents of my life,
And fired each impulse of the soul.

And in those later days of ease,
When life has lost its wonted zest,
My mind will dwell on thoughts like these,
And count my working days the best.

OUTSIDE THE GATE.

“Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.”

 STOOD outside the gate,
 A poor, wayfaring child ;
 Within my heart there beat
 A tempest, loud and wild.
 A fear oppressed my soul,
 That I might be *too late* ;
 And O, I trembled sore,
 And prayed, outside the gate.

“Mercy !” I loudly cried ;
 “O give me rest from sin !”
 “I will,” a voice replied ;
 And Mercy let me in.
 She bound my bleeding wounds ;
 She soothed my aching head ;
 She eased my burdened soul,
 And bore the load instead.

In Mercy’s guise, I knew
 The Saviour long abused ;
 Who often sought my heart,
 And wept when I refused.

O what a blest return
 For ignorance and sin !
I stood outside the gate,
 And Jesus let me in !

COMFORT.

OW could I rest upon my nightly pillow
 In sweet forgetfulness of wrong or pain,
 Within a harbor where no vexing billow
 Suggests the tortures of the restless main ;
 Did not thy presence, O beloved Saviour !
 Subdue the tempest on life's stormy sea ;
 Didst thou not, with unwearied love and favor
 Come in and comfort me ?

It may be that to-morrow I must travel
 A rougher road than e'er my feet have known ;
 In darker mazes painfully unravel
 The clew that leads me to thy glorious throne ;

But thou hast promised me thy sure protection,

And dark or dangerous though the way
 may be

I trust alone to Jesus for direction ;

 And he will comfort me !

Not with the words that earthly friendship
 giveth ;

Not with such meager manna will he feed
The soul that in his righteousness believeth,

 And trusts to him in every hour of need :

But with a heart that comprehends our an-
 guish,

 And asks us not to bear the weight alone,
He will come in where we in silence lan-
 guish,

 And make our griefs his own.

So, when my house is shadowed by a trial

 That sets me from my fellow-men apart,

Thou wilt of solitude take no denial,

 But enterest through the door-way of my
 heart.

Thy hand is on me, Lord, to keep me lowly ;

 What thou hast hid I do not wish to see ;

Thou knowest all the way ; I trust thee
 wholly ;

 And thou dost comfort me.

GATHERING SEED.

UT in the highways, wherever we go,
Seed we must gather and seed we
must sow ;
Even the tiniest seed has a power,
Be it a thistle, or be it a flower.

Here, where it seems but a wilderness-place,
Wanting in beauty, and wanting in grace;
Some gentle creature in tenderness goes,
Plucking the nettle and planting the rose.

Out of those gardens so gorgeous with
flowers,
Seed we may gather to beautify ours ;
While from our own little plot we may
spare
Something to render our neighbors' more
fair.

Out of each moment some good we obtain,
Something to winnow and scatter again ;
All that we listen to, all that we read,
All that we think of, is gathering seed.

Gathering seed, we must scatter as well;
God will watch over the place where it
fell;
Only the gain of the harvest is ours;
Shall we plant nettles? or shall we plant
flowers?

That which we gather is that which we
sow;
Seed-time and harvest alternately flow;
When we have finished with Time 'twill be
known
How we have gathered, and *how* we have
sown!

CHRIST IS ON THE CROSS AGAIN!

 N the hill-top darkness gathers;
In the valley mists arise;
While upon unholy altars
Burn the carnal sacrifice.
Men, with mocking jeers and laughter,
Temples of the Lord profane;
Crowned with thorns, and sorely wounded,
Christ is on the cross again!

All his words and deeds despising,
They the King of kings dethrone ;
Mix again the gall and wormwood
For the Saviour they disown.
Spit upon, despised, rejected,
Filled with agony and pain,
Yet with mercy overflowing,
Christ is on the cross again !

Money-changers fill the places
To his worship set apart ;
Friends forsake, and foes deride him,
Trample on his bleeding heart;
Tears and groanings are unheeded,
Seamless robe is rent in twain,
Heart and hand alike consenting,
Christ is on the cross again !

Hear the chorus of blasphemers
Breaking into ribald song !
See the scornful unbelievers
Mingle with the murd'rous throng !
See the precious life-blood flowing
From his side like crimson rain !
Tremble, earth, and veil thy glories ;
Christ is on the cross again !

IN LEADING-STRINGS.

WHEN infant steps essayed to go
Beyond the boundary assigned,
In search of lands they did not know,
In search of joys they hoped to find,
Love would control the restless things,
And held them safe in leading-strings.

The way we choose may not be safe ;
A thousand perils we may meet ;
And though impatiently we chafe
At clogs that lofty aims defeat,
In safer path Love surely brings
The child in need of leading-strings.

I would not be without a guide
Along these giddy paths I tread ;
Where yawning gulfs on either side
Betray the feet, confuse the head ;
And while I walk 'mid earthly things
I would be kept in leading-strings.

Love's guiding impulse I would know,
When trials come, and death alarms ;
And when life's tenure slips, would go
Straightway to Love's embracing arms.
Then, when my spirit finds its wings,
I shall be out of leading-strings !

THE GATES OF PRAYER.

HOW would the soul grow weary of its
plaint,
And pine upon the threshold of de-
spair,
If no one came to succor it when faint,
Or hearken to its agonizing prayer !
How long ! How long !
A kneeling throng
Might supplicate, and find their suit de-
nied,
If 'twere not for a Saviour crucified !

How far away would seem that Canaan-
land ;
How wide the chasm at our feet appear ;
If faith had not the dark abyss spanned,
And made those distant glories seem
more near !
O Love ! O Light !
There is no night
To any soul that patiently awaits
God's gracious answer through those heav-
enly gates.

Sweet gates of prayer, that open to a breath !

What heart its aspirations would subdue,
And see its hopes fall in th' embrace of
death,

That might have passed those shining
portals through ?

With Jesus there,

Those gates of prayer

Can never close ; for Calvary has won
The peace of God, through his Beloved Son !

The little child that by a mother's knee
Lisps forth its morning or its evening
prayer,

Can move those gates of mercy, and from
Thee

Receive assurance of a Father's care.

By night, by day,

O Christ ! I pray

Keep me, thy child, so humble in thy sight
That I may have thy presence day and night.

O lovely gates ! your golden hinges turn
Ere yet our lips have framed their first
request,

And when our souls for his dear presence
yearn,

We find our answer, ere it is confessed.

With empty hands
 The sinner stands,
 And leaves himself, and all his burdens,
 there
 Where Christ is stationed : at the Gates
 of Prayer.

BETWEEN.

BETWEEN the cradle and the grave,
 Our coming and our going,
 There stretches out an Eden-land,
 Where all good things are growing,
 Good things of God's bestowing,
 Between the cradle and the grave,
 Our coming and our going.

Between the morning and the night,
 The blooming and the fading,
 Great ships that come from fragrant lands,
 Their precious freights unlading,
 Pursue their friendly trading,
 Between the morning and the night,
 The blooming and the fading.

Between thy heart and mine, beloved,
 What wealth of bliss is lying !
 What fragrant clusters of delight,
 The frosts of time defying !
 The wine of life supplying !
 Between thy heart and mine, beloved,
 An Eden-land is lying.

THE ELDER'S TALK.

BEEN down to evenin' meetin', to hear
 what the parson'd say.
 Parson is college l'arnt, an' a mighty
 clever man;
 An' it warms one up to hear him talk o' the
 Judgment-day,
 An' the lake o' fire an' brimstun, as no
 other parson can.

Sometimes it's hard to foller him up to the
 h'ights so grand,
 When he argers on pints o' doctrine, an'
 non-confrumity views;
 But it pleases some o' the folks who'd
 rayther not understand,
 An' say, "Why, that's bekase the pulpit's
 higher 'n the pews."

Well, mebbe so; but my Nancy says—an'
Nancy is wise enough,
An' talks like a parson, too, herself,
when things in the house go wrong—
That folks may go, for all she cares, to hear
the botherin' stuff,
But she don't never hanker arter any
thing quite so strong.

But ther' wa'n't any preachin' that night
that Nancy and me went down—
For parson was mighty sick, an' tuk in a
sudden way—
Though Deacon Potter was there, an' like-
wise Deacon Brown,
An' 'twas thought that Elder Hoppock
might hev a little to say.

The elder's as humbly a man as ever you'd
wish to see,
An' ha'n't any more book-l'arnin' than
the most on us, I guess;
But ther' aint a child in the deestrick that
wouldn't climb on his knee,
An' he's al'ays the one the women go to
in any sort o' distress.

No, I can't remember the sermon, to give
it out word by word;
It wa'n't the sort o' a discourse that any
man can repeat;
But it went like a fiery needle through
every body that heard,
An' each on us felt as ef somehow he'd
got in the anxious seat.

We all shuck hands arter meetin', an' I
couldn't help it, I vow;
My heart was so kind o' full o' what the
elder had said
Thet I told the Widow Jinkins—who hed
lost her only cow—
Thet I'd take the hide, an' send her a
better one instead.

I tell yer that talk went down to the very
soles of our boots,
Makin' us toe the mark, an' turn from
our selfish ways,
An' a-tearin' our sinful feelin's up by the
very roots,
An' a-givin' the Lord an' Master hisself
the hull o' the praise.

Sound enough is the parson; but poor folks,
 like us, you know,
 Logic an' l'arnin' an' stiffness once in a
 while ken excuse,
 For the sake o' that good, old-fashioned,
 genuine sort o' glow
 That warms us up when the pulpit gits
 down ez low ez the pews!

'Tain't any use a-h'istin' denominational
 poles
 An' a settin' the bread o' life on top o'
 the cupboard shelf,
 For the only way to get at these hide-bound,
 perishin' souls
 Is ter feel that yer aint any better or
 more desarvin' yerself!

THE DEACON'S DAUGHTER.

EACON ALLEN had a little daughter,
 Very sweet and wise,
 With the wondrous lore the angels
 taught her
 Sparkling in her eyes.

Thus by one who deemed her more than
human,
Angel she was styled;
Unto us she seemed not yet a woman,
And yet more than child.

In the meshes of her sweet demeanor
Every heart was caught;
And in every field, with Love, the
gleaner,
Love's reward she sought.

Deacon Allen loved his little daughter
As his very life;
For the angels who from Heaven brought
her
Took away his wife.

Precious things are very fair and fragile,
Touched with dainty grace;
And her step, so wondrous light and
agile,
And her rare sweet face,

Were as portions of some weird creation
That excites amaze,
And with strangely subtle fascination
Haunts us all our days.

Said the Deacon: "Some day she will
marry—

This sweet pet of mine—

And her choice my wishes shall not parry
By the slightest sign.

"She's a loving, sunny little creature,
Wiser than her sex;

Foolish it would be for me to teach her
Problems that perplex.

"No. In all her wishes and desires
Gladly I'll concur;

And when age destroys my wonted fires
I will dwell with her."

Said the maid, as if, more wise than human,
All his thoughts she knew:

"When I grow up to be a great big woman,
I'll keep house for you!"

Did her eyes grow bluer with the vision
That her future spanned,
Of a dwelling-placee in fields Elysian,
Where her feet should stand?

Who can know? Some pages of her story
Feebly we may spell;

But of the other side, the hidden glory,
We've no skill to tell.

Angels came for Deacon Allen's daughter,
 One remembered night;
 Bridal wreath and pearly gems they brought
 her,
 Lying there so white.

For so slight a hold on earth was given
 To the darling's keep,
 She had but to close her eyes, and Heaven
 Turned the key on sleep.

“She is married,” says the mourning father,
 Underneath his breath.
 “She had many suitors, but would rather
 Be the bride of Death.

“I shall see her when, my journey ended,
 Yonder heights are gained,
 And by angels whom I once befriended
 Shall be entertained !”

PLUCK AND PRAYER.

 THERE wa'n't any use o' frettin',
 An' I told Obadiah so,
 For ef we couldn't hold on to things,
 We'd jest got to let 'em go.

There were lots of folks that 'd suffer
Along with the rest of us,
And it didn't seem to be worth our while
To make such a dreffle fuss.

To be sure, the barn was 'most empty,
An' corn an' pertaters sca'ce,
An' not much of any thing plenty an' cheap
But water—an' apple-sass.
But then—as I told Obadiah—
It wa'n't any use to groan,
For flesh an' blood couldn't stan' it ; an' he
Was nothing but skin an' bone.

But, laws ! ef you'd only heerd him,
At any hour of the night,
A-prayin' out in that closet there,
"Twould have set you crazy quite.
I patched the knees of those trousers
With cloth that was noways thin,
But it seemed as ef the pieces wore out
As fast as I set 'em in.

To me he said mighty little
Of the thorny way we trod,
But at least a dozen times a day
He talked it over with God.

Down on his knees in that closet
The most of his time was passed ;
For Obadiah knew how to pray
Much better than how to fast.

But I am that way contrairy
That ef things don't go jest right,
I feel like rollin' my sleeves up high
An' gittin' ready to fight.
An' the giants I slew that winter
I aint goin' to talk about ;
An' I didn't even complain to God,
Though I think that he found it out.

With the point of a cambric needle
I driv the wolf from the door,
For I knew that we needn't starve to death
Or be lazy because we were poor.
An' Obadiah he wondered,
An' kept me patchin' his knees,
An' thought it strange how the meal held
out,
An' stranger we didn't freeze.

But I said to myself in whispers,
“God knows where his gift descends ;
An' 'tisn't always that faith gits down
As far as the finger-ends.”

An' I wouldn't have no one reckon
 My Obadiah a shirk,
For some, you know, have the gift to pray,
 And others the gift to work.

A WONDERFUL BABY.

TIS a wonderful baby, I cannot deny it,
 The loveliest, sweetest, that ever
 was made ;
And no silver or gold in the country could
 buy it,
Nor jewels—though e'en a queen's casket
 were paid.

We humor and fondle, we kiss and caress it,
 Are anxious whenever it's out of our sight ;
And we call it pet names—such as “queen-
 lamb,” and “blessed,”
“Dear old precious darling!” from morn-
 ing till night.

If we have any joys, if we have any trouble,
 If over our pathway a dark shadow lowers,
Our griefs we divide, and our pleasures we
 double,
Because of this wonderful baby of ours.

It never is cross, impatient, or fretful,
Like most other babies that you and I
know ;
And we would be never unkind or forgetful
Of all that to this precious darling we owe.

Its face is all wrinkled—now isn't that
funny ?

Its step has been feeble for many a day,
And over the brow where were ringlets
once sunny

There now are soft tresses of silvery gray.

You'll think I am foolish and frivolous,
may be—

Declaring the truth I have surely not
told ;

But this precious old darling, this wonder-
ful baby,

So dear to our hearts, is near eighty years
old.

By care and caresses we give to no other,
Her care and her kindness we strive to
repay ;

And we thank the dear Father in heaven
that MOTHER,

With heart young as ever, is with us
to-day !

AFTER ALL.*

 DESPITE the prayers and tears and
earnest pleading,
And piteous protest o'er a hero's
fall,
Despite the hopeful signs our hearts mis-
leading,
Death cometh after all !

Over the brightest scenes are clouds de-
scending ;
The flame soars highest ere its deepest
fall ;
The glorious day has all too swift an end-
ing :
Night cometh after all !

O'er bloom or beauty now in our posses-
sion
Is seen the shadow of the funeral pall ;
Though Love and Life make tearful inter-
cession,
Death cometh after all !

* A tribute to Garfield.

SOMEHOW OR OTHER.

LIFE has a burden for every one's shoulder,

None may escape from its trouble and care ;

Miss it in youth, and 'twill come when we're older,

And fit us as close as the garments we wear.

Sorrow comes into our homes uninvited,

Robbing the heart of its treasure of song ;

Lovers grow cold, and our friendships are slighted,

Yet somehow or other we worry along !

'Mid the sweet blossoms that smile in our faces,

Grow the dank weeds that would poison and blight ;

And e'en in the midst of earth's beautiful places

There 's always a something that isn't just right !

Yet oft from a rock we may pluck a gay flower,
And drink from a spring in a desolate waste;
They come to the heart like a heavenly dower,
And naught is so sweet to the eye or the taste.

Every-day toil is an every-day blessing,
Though poverty's cottage and crust we may share ;
Weak is the back on which burdens are pressing,
But stout is the heart that is strengthened by prayer,
Somehow or other the pathway grows brighter,
Just when we mourned there was none to befriend ;
Hope in the heart makes the burden seem lighter,
And somehow or other we get to the end !

A SONNET.

 NCE a poet wrote a sonnet
 All about a pretty bonnet,
 And a critic sat upon it,
 (On the sonnet,
 Not the bonnet,)
 Nothing loath.

And as if it were high treason,
 He said, "Neither rhyme nor reason
 Has it. And it's out of season!"
 Which? The sonnet?
 Or the bonnet?
 May be both.

"'Tis a feeble imitation
 Of a worthier creation,
 An æsthetic innovation!"
 Of a sonnet?
 Or a bonnet?
 This was hard.

Both were put together neatly,
 Harmonizing very sweetly,
 But the critic crushed completely,
 Not the bonnet,
 Or the sonnet,
 But the bard.

LOVE'S POWER.

IF I were blind, and thou shouldst enter
E'er so softly in the room,
 I should know it,
 I should feel it,
Something subtle would reveal it,
And a glory round thee center
 That would lighten up the gloom,
And my heart would surely guide me,
With Love's second-sight provide me,
One amid the crowd to find,
 If I were blind !

If I were deaf, and thou hadst spoken
Ere thy presence I had known,
 I should know it,
 I should feel it,
Something subtle would reveal it,
And the seal at once be broken
 By Love's liquid undertone ;
Deaf to other, stranger voices,
And the world's discordant noises—
Whisper, wheresoe'er thou art,
 'Twill reach my heart !

If I were dead, and thou shouldst venture
Near the coffin where I lay,
 I should know it,
 I should feel it,
Something subtle would reveal it,
And no look of mildest censure
 Rest upon that face of clay.
Shouldst thou kiss me, conscious flashes
Of Love's fire through Death's cold ashes
Would give back the cheek its red,
 If I were dead!

FATE OR FORTUNE?

T life's gate two angels stand—
 Fate and Fortune—at each hand,
 Ready guidance to bestow
On our pilgrimage below;
Veiled so closely, the disguise
Is not clear to mortal eyes.

For awhile we tread on flowers,
Joy and gladness fill the hours;
Friends surround us, wealth and fame,
All that happiness can claim,
And we say, attended thus,
Fortune has befriended us!

Then the clouds and storms appear,
Pain and sufferings severe,
Losses, crosses, deepest woe
Any loving heart can know,
Until, wrecked and desolate,
We seem left the sport of Fate.

Oft the thing that seems amiss
Leads us up to higher bliss;
While the good we covet so
Drags us down to depths below;—
Who can tell in such a strait,
Which is Fortune?—which is Fate?

Human hearts discover crowns
In the dark when Fortune frowns;
And to pleasure are inclined,
And the world, when Fate is kind.
Only Wisdom can attest
Which the guide that serves us best.

That which we Misfortune call
Is no enemy at all,
But the angel Heaven sends,
By whose aid we try our friends—
Prove them false, or prove them true,
As before we could not do.

So 'tis well to murmur not
At the changes in our lot ;
But to trust Him every day
Who goes with us all the way,
And from life to death's dark gate
Rules our Fortune and our Fate.

[The poem, "Don't take it to Heart," appeared in the "New York Ledger" of July 13, 1872. In "Tinsley's Magazine" for November, 1876, a poem appeared with the same title, bearing the signature of Georgiana C. Clark. The first two stanzas were taken bodily from my poem, and the remainder was given an English twist that would dispel any suspicion of its American birthright. The poem has been widely copied, and the original author has had frequent opportunity to consider the irony of the title, and the presumption of the plagiarist.]

DON'T TAKE IT TO HEART.

THREE'S many a trouble would break
like a bubble,
 And into the waters of Lethe depart,
Did we not rehearse it, and tenderly nurse
it,
 And give it a permanent home in the
heart.

There's many a sorrow would vanish to-morrow,

Were we not unwilling to furnish the wings ;

So, daily intruding, and quietly brooding,

It hatches out all sorts of horrible things.

There's many a pleasure might prove a sweet treasure,

Did we in our hearts let it bourgeon and bloom ;

But joys that invite us will flourish to spite us,

And laugh at our foolish surrender to gloom.

There's many a trifle whose growth we might stifle

With laugh, or with joke, or more delicate art ;

But careful to nourish, 'twill rapidly flourish,

And seem like a mountain of fire on the heart.

Give wings, then, to sorrow, and draw from
to-morrow
The sunshine to scatter the grief that
annoys ;
This world would be brighter, our hearts
would be lighter,
Thought we less of our sorrows and more
of our joys.

THE BEST DAY OF THE YEAR.

 F all the days that round the year,
And make the chain complete,
Of all the days that win your praise,
Which is the best, my sweet ?
From Sunday morn till Saturday night,
Which fills you with the most delight ?
Come near, come near, and tell me, dear,
Which day is the best of all the year ?

She bent her head as if in thought—
The winsome little maid—
And fixed her gaze as if the days
Were all out on parade;
From early spring to the winter drear,
The buds and blossoms of the year,
While she pursued her eager quest
To find the day she liked the best.

I thought of days to which Time lent
 A glory all their own;
 No other days with such a blaze
 Of wondrous luster shone;
 From Sunday morn till Saturday night,
 They filled the week with rare delight,
 And with a light serenely clear
 Illuminated all the year.

My darling turned her face toward me,
 From anxious thought beguiled,
 And with her arm about my neck
 She said—the precious child!—
 “From Sunday morn till Saturday night,
 There is no day that suits me quite
 So well as this; for you are here,
 And **to-day** is the best of all the year!”

THE STORM WILL HAVE ITS WAY.

HE rain came beating down; the winds
 blew fierce and loud;
 The mightiest of the trees before the
 blast were bowed;
 And I seemed to hear them say, on that
 dark, tempestuous day:
 “Stoop, and let it pass. The storm will
 have its way.”

The blossoms that appeared so beautiful
and strong,
And held their heads up bravely all the
summer long,
No longer bright and gay, submissively
could say:
“Stoop, and let it pass. The storm will
have its way.”

The spirit that would dare, with proud, de-
fiant form,
To fight against the whirlwind, or battle
with the storm,
Fate, surely, will compel its useless rage to
quell,
And learn 'tis better to endure than always
to rebel.

Through the woods and meadows, as the
tempest goes,
They are soonest wrecked who its onward
way oppose;
They their fears allay who, ready to obey,
Stoop, and let it pass. The storm will have
its way.

Aching, breaking heart, o'erwhelmed with
griefs and pains,
Weary of the beating of autumnal rains,

On thy knees, I say, for pluck and patience
pray,
Stoop, and let it pass. The storm will have
its way.

WITH FRESH YOUNG EYES.

HOW fair and sweet the earth appears,
How blue and bright the skies,
How wide the scope,
How full of hope
To fresh young eyes!
From them the roses hide their thorns,
For them the world herself adorns
Each year anew; new charms displays
To captivate their youthful gaze.

The homely and familiar scenes
Which we but notice to despise,
Always possess
Some loveliness
To fresh young eyes.

They see the sunlight shining through
The shadows, and obtain a view
Of charming vistas, and delight
In what is common in our sight.

The world of fancy, and of fame
And fortune, so alluring, lies,

'Mid splendors gay,
Not far away
From fresh young eyes,

That look with smiling hope and trust
Beyond the valleys filled with dust;
Nor at the mountains are dismayed
That all the pathways barricade.

The mist that veils the morning sun
Before their vision swiftly flies,
And every-where
The prospect's fair
To fresh young eyes.

Undimmed by trials and by tears,
Untouched by cares of later years,
They look abroad on skies serene,
Nor see the clouds that intervene.

Ah, with what rapturous delight—
Ah, with what tender, sweet surprise—
Earth's glories burst
Resplendent first
On fresh young eyes!

What though the false appeared the true!
What though the old appeared the new!
'Twere better than to be too wise,
And see no more with fresh young eyes.

OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

VER and over again,
 No matter which way I turn,
 I always find in the Book of Life
 Some lesson I have to learn ;
 I must take my turn at the mill,
 I must grind out the golden grain,
 I must work at my task with a resolute will,
 Over and over again.

We cannot measure the need
 Of even the tiniest flower,
 Nor check the flow of the golden sands
 That run through a single hour;
 But the morning dew must fall,
 And the sun and the summer rain
 Must do their part, and perform it all
 Over and over again.

Over and over again
 The brook through the meadow flows,
 And over and over again
 The ponderous mill-wheel goes :
 Once doing will not suffice,
 Though doing be not in vain;
 And a blessing failing us once or twice
 May come if we try again.

The path that has once been trod
Is never so rough to the feet;
And the lesson we once have learned
Is never so hard to repeat.
Though sorrowful tears may fall,
And the heart to its depths be riven
With storm and tempest, we need them
all
To render us meet for heaven.

THE LARK'S FOSTER-MOTHER.

 PARTRIDGE roaming o'er a field,
Espied a nest but half concealed
By grasses overgrown,
And from within the moss-rimmed cup
A pretty speckled egg peeped up,
Looking forlorn, alone.

The timid creature, fearing ill
Might harm the egg, already chill,
By generous impulse stirred,
Slipped quietly upon the nest,
And folded close against her breast
The cradle of a bird.

She watched and fed the nestling small,
And blithely answered to its call,

As if it were her own,
From many of her ways beguiled
Because of this peculiar child
Upon her bounty thrown.

When she believed 'twould tiptoe out,
And roam the harvest fields about,

Or join the partridge throng,
Behold, it poised its wings and flew
Up toward the heavens, so bright and blue,
In ecstasy of song !

The foster-mother looked and heard
The carol of enfranchised bird,

And felt a blissful thrill,
That she, so humble and so plain,
Had helped another one to gain
The niche 'twas meant to fill.

And often may the lowly heart,
Performing well a noble part

To one amid life's throng,
Awaken with a glad surprise,
When, like a lark, the birdling flies,
And floods the world with song.

WHAT IS THE DARK?

“**W**HAT is the dark?” I asked the
child
As I led her out of the lighted
room

Into the shadows that gathered close,
And veiled our faces in midnight gloom,
Hiding the luster of loving eyes,
That lately looked out of Paradise.

“ What is the dark ? ” I asked, intent
To puzzle awhile the little maid,
Who held my hand in a careless grasp,
As if she wasn’t a bit afraid
Of ghost or goblin that might appear
To test her courage as night drew near.

I thought of the demons that filled the dark—
Of the horrid shapes that my childhood
knew,
When I touched the pillow, and over my
head
The sheet and coverlet quickly drew,
While I lay there shivering with affright,
And longing for morn to dispel the night.

And I fancied a problem 'twould be to her—
That wee little maid—as it was to me ;
And I meant to comfort and soothe her
well,

And set her mind from its fancies free,
If she shook with terror, or spoke her dread,
As I tucked her into her little bed.

“ What is the dark ? ” I asked again,
As she ceased her prattle ; “ come, tell
me, dear ; ”

And I drew her close to my loving heart,
That I might stifle each rising fear :
But she answered me with a courage bold,
“ ‘ What is the dark ? ’ Why, the *light*
grown old ! ”

Truly, O, truly ; and sweet is life
To those whom darkness can ne’er appall ;
Whose faith and hope are luminous when
The deepest shadows are over all ;
The day, like a rose, for them burns bright,
And fades like a flower when comes the
night.

REPENTANT.

MOTHER, I kneel on the door-stone,
Penitent, weary, and worn ;
Many a mile have I wandered,
And fasted since yesterday morn ;
Darkness is gathering round me,
Never again shall I roam ;
Open the door to me, mother ;
Welcome your prodigal home !

Father was angry—so angry—
And stern, when he knew my disgrace ;
He thrust me away from his presence,
And then shut the door in my face !
But, mother, your love did not leave me ;
I saw the tear ready to start,
And knew that though guilty and banished,
I still had a place in your heart !

They say you grow feebler and feebler,
By reason of sorrow and shame ;
That your hair is as white as a snow-wreath,
And 't is seldom you mention my name.
But, O, I will never believe them,
When slander like this they repeat ;
For the voice of my mother has called me,
And brought me again to her feet.

She talked to the Saviour about me,
 And prayed—as a mother can pray !
 And back to the fold he has brought me,
 The lamb who went wand’ring astray.
 I soon became weary of exile ;
 I soon became weary of sin ;
 And longed for a life that was purer ;
 But who would have taken me in ?

O mother, dear, say you forgive me,
 And take me again to your breast !
 Nor let me die here on the door-stone,
 Alone, unforgiven, unblest !
 Come quickly !—a footstep approaches !
 Not yours—but another’s!—good-bye !
 Tell father—that God—has not—left me—
 Outside of his threshold to die !

JUNE 22, 1884.

THE breath of June was in the air,
 Its sweetness unexcelled,
 In groves of leafy luxury
 The birds their councils held,
 And all the meadows far and near
 With daisies white were pied;
 The sun shone bright—the sky was clear—
 The day that mother died.

A Sabbath calm—a holy hush—
Deep o'er the senses stole,
To calm the tumult of the mind,
The anguish of the soul.
The earth gave all it had to give,
The roses bloomed with pride,
And O, it seemed a joy to live
The day that mother died !

A robin to the window came
At early dawn, and sang
Its matin song; so loud and clear
The jubilate rang,
We closed the sash that she who slept,
The shadowed room within,
Might not be broken of her rest
By such a noisy din.

Ah, vain the watch! the loving care!
For sometime in the night,
Without a struggle or a sigh,
The spirit took its flight;
And to the window of our hearts
The robin came with song,
To tell us that the one we loved
Had joined the angel throng.

We scarce could realize our loss,
 So sudden came the stroke ;
 The “silver cord” against our hearts
 Snapped harshly when it broke ;
 And though the sky was bright and clear,
 Sunshine and song outside,
 Our home seemed very dark and drear
 The day that mother died.

The wells of sorrow are not spent,
 The troubled waters flow,
 And many, many trials yet
 The living heart must know ;
 But we, familiar with the pall,
 By tenderest bonds allied,
 Tasted the bitterest cup of all
 The day that mother died.

THE COMMON WAY.

HOW many frown at a common lot,
 And turn from the common way,
 Where rare exotics will blossom not,
 Nor birds at their bidding stay ;
 The dust of travel offends their sight
 When riches have taken wings,
 And they marvel at those who find delight
 In every-day, common things.

To some is given the rich estate
Encumbered with anxious care ;
While others still for their fortune wait
In castles they 've built in air ;
To one the splendor of princely halls,
The title to noble lands ;
To another only the crumbling walls,
And empty and toil-worn hands.

To one the crown and a life of ease ;
To one the cross and the pain ;
To one the heights and the stately trees,
To another the desert plain ;
To one will Fortune reveal the spring
That her wonderful store unlocks ;
While another is given the only thing
That was left in Pandora's box.

Good-luck may lie in an empty purse,
A blessing in this disguise,
And wealth too often is but a curse
To those who have won the prize ;
For many with Dives have gone astray,
Remorse and regret to meet,
While others have found that the common
way
Led up to the Golden Street.

THE CRADLE SONG.

 WAS a soft, low tune that the mother
crooned
As she touched the cradle where
baby lay,
Sleepy and cross, with a fretful toss,
At having to pause in his pretty play.

A sweet, low tune, and a soft caress,
The loving touch of a mother's hand,
Soon quiet the child, from its sports be-
guiled,
And carry it captive to Slumberland.

The restless fingers and feet are still ;
The dear little draw-bridges drop ere
long
O'er the baby's eyes ; and the baby lies
In the magic spell of its cradle song.

With joy we list to the wondrous notes
As the prima donna performs her part
With a voice so clear that the birds appear
Outdone by one who has learned their
art.

But the Queen of Song, though she sing
in truth
With seraphic splendor, may lack the
power
To bring repose and relief to those
Who fain would rest in the weary hour.

And though many a melody be forgot
By busy plodders amid life's throng,
Yet they always hear, and they hold most
dear,
The old melodious cradle song.

The old, old song, that was half a prayer
When the mother murmured it soft and
low,
Again and again, with its soothing strain,
Comes back to whisper of long ago.

And around our hearts, and around our lives,
These cords are woven so firm and strong,
That when death draws near, nothing else
we'll hear,
But a sweet voice crooning a cradle song.

THE ELDEST SISTER.

HE eldest sister !—O, how soon
 The little ones on her depend,
 If in the granting of a boon
 She proves herself to be their friend,
 And in a kind and helpful way
 Directs their studies and their play.

A princess of the realm she stands,
 Prompt to enforce the queen's commands,
 And her young subjects honor her,
 The dignities of rank confer,
 So that the youthful maid appears
 Older, far older than her years.

Their little quarrels she adjusts ;
 Their little secrets each intrusts
 To her ; for she is good and wise,
 A perfect wonder in their eyes,
 And often are her praises sung
 By little folks, their mates among.

The eldest sister !—with what grace
 She slips into the mother's place,
 When sickness enters on the scene,
 Or Death dethrones the reigning queen :

Thoughtful for those who need her care,
She beams an angel, then and there.

Unmindful of herself, she gives
Her heart's devotion while she lives
To those who with their love repay
Indebtedness from day to day,
And value, far beyond all price,
Her elder sisterly advice.

O wise is she who keeps her hold
Of all the hearts within the fold :
A faithful guide, exemplar, friend,
Ready to counsel and commend,
With love, with dignity and grace,
Filling an elder sister's place !

GOD BLESS THE LADS!

 LITTLE lad I used to meet,
Long years ago, upon the street,
Whose pleasant smile and look of
truth,
The sweet attractiveness of youth,
So won my heart that I would watch
Among the crowd his nod to catch,

That was, upon a cloudy day,
A bit of sunshine on my way;
And answering back with smile as glad,
I said, "God bless the little lad!"

For him I felt an anxious care,
In all his interests had a share,
And planned what should his future be,
As if he had belonged to me.

As childless mothers, for the good
Of hearts instinct with motherhood,
Some little waif will kindly take
And cherish well for love's dear sake,
So I, whose lot in life was sad,
Took to my heart this little lad.

I knew not who his parents were,
Or where he lived; what did I care?
Or if his garments were as fine
As I should give a child of mine?
My daily thought, my chief concern,
Was that he might no evil learn,
But strive in manliness to be
Foremost, and in integrity
To rise by every chance he had
To prove himself an honest lad.

'Twas years ago I used to know
This little lad and love him so,

And since our parting ne'er I've heard
Of him, or had a single word
To cheer my thoughts; yet all the while
The recollection of his smile,
His hearty laugh, his look of truth,
The sweet attractiveness of youth,
In many an hour have made me glad
I ever knew the little lad.

I cannot think he went astray,
Or wandered in an evil way,
But must believe he's neat and trim
As when I first encountered him.
And when among the news I read
Of gallant or heroic deed,
I feel that he would do just so—
This little lad I used to know—
And so I pray, while tear-drops fall,
“God bless the lads ! God bless them
all !”

THE OLD STYLE AND THE NEW.

T used to be the fashion once,
But now it's out of date,
For old folks to monopolize
The subject of debate.

The child might listen, if he chose,
And, disciplined while young,
He learned his elders to respect,
And learned to hold his tongue.

At table, father ever sought
Discussion to prevent,
Lest angry passions be inflamed
By heat of argument;
And frequently the merry laugh
With sharp rebuke was met,
Because—I must confess the truth—
We were a giggling set !

And there were some rebellious ones
Who frowned and made complaint,
Were anxious to divulge their views,
And vexed at such restraint;
And they declared when they were wed
Their children should be free
To speak their minds, whene'er they
chose,
With perfect liberty.

The newer fashion that prevailed
The seed of mischief sowed,
And sparks from many anvils flew
Old theories to explode;

And now, to-day, the callow brood
Upon the world's great stage
Are cackling all the time, nor pay
The least respect to age.

It may not need a heavy chain
To hold the well-trained beast,
But when the links are broken, lo !
The savage is released !
And they who threw the ancient laws
And fashions overboard,
Would like to have them back again,
With all their rights restored.

For in those days we did not need,
Across the sea to roam,
To learn the little courtesies
That should be taught at home;
And wisdom by a slower growth
To surer beauty grew ;
The fear of God was in men's hearts,
And infidels were few.

Bnt nowadays the juveniles
On weighty subjects talk,
A skeptic is the little child
That scarce has learned to walk ;

And thus indulged, and unrestrained,
And spoiled by over-praise,
What wonder we have drifted toward
Irreverential days !

THE FAVORITE CHILD.

“ **W**HICH one do I love the best ? ”
you ask ;
Ah, that would be hard to tell,
For loving, to me, is an easy task,
And I may love them all too well ;
And though they may not be as comely and
fair
As many you may have known,
Yet the mother’s eye sees beauty and grace
In each child she can call her own.

When Jennie, our first-born, came to crown
The morn of our married life,
How proud my husband was of his child !
How proud he was of his wife !
Together we watched her cunning ways,
And both for her comfort toiled,
And made so much of our baby girl,
’Twas a wonder she wasn’t spoiled.

And then came Belle, with her sunny
face,
And her laughter so light and free ;
We thought there had never been before
Such a frolicsome sprite as she ;
She made no trouble about the house,
Was always so gentle and mild,
And merry withal, there was good excuse
For loving the precious child.

But there was Anna, so weak and frail,
She needed my constant care,
And the older children were forced to be
Content with a lesser share ;
And when to quiet her fretful moods,
I held her close to my breast,
I fancied I loved her most, because
I understood her the best.

When later on in my wedded life
God gave me my darling boy,
I thought that my heart — my mother-
heart—
Would burst from excess of joy !
For the Father above had heard my prayer,
And granted my soul's request ;
And my precious treasure ! my only son !
O, surely I loved him best !

But other children compelled my care,
 And he must be set aside ;
 And O, how he fought for the baby's place,
 And the comfort to him denied !
 Then the trouble came ; and perchance I
 feel
 A little more tenderness
 For the youngest lamb of the flock, because
 So soon she was fatherless.

We make mistakes ; and I may have failed
 In lessons I strove to impart ;
 But I trust that my darlings learned how
 dear
 They were to their mother's heart.
 The loyal soul from its chosen way
 Not easily is beguiled,
 And I cannot tell, though I'm often asked,
 Which is my favorite child.

THE FATHER'S ARMS.

 THERE goes the baby, creeping
 Swiftly along the floor,
 Making a rapid transit
 Straight for the entry door ;

Knowing by intuition
Exactly the time of day
When father, the dear old father !
Will start on the homeward way.

Up from their games the children—
Robert, Jennie, and Grace—
Spring with an eager longing
To fly to that fond embrace ;
For father must hear the story
Of all their deeds and alarms,
As closely together they nestle
Within his protecting arms.

Watching by door and window,
At dusk his coming they wait,
And whisper to one another,
“I wonder what makes him so late ?”
Hark ! There’s a step ! ’Tis father !
All hushed are their vague alarms,
And baby, with crow triumphant,
Is first in the father’s arms.

There’s room for all the children,
Ay, and the mother beside,
For the father-heart is loving,
And his arms extended wide ;

And O ! what strength, and comfort,
And joy, and a sense of rest,
When we are thus enfolded
Close, close to that sturdy breast !

He is a happy father,
Who, coming along the street,
Is ready with smiles and kisses
His loving children to greet ;
But what a treat he misses
Who comes with a scowling face,
And finds no wife nor children
Awaiting his cold embrace.

Leap to his shoulder, baby !
Crow in excess of bliss ;
Welcome the father, children,
Always with loving kiss ;
Homes should be full of gladness,
Hearts should be full of love,
Types of the blest communion
Awaiting us all above.

Swiftly these scenes are passing,
And soon shall the night draw near,
When doors and windows darken,
And a coming step we hear,

When a smile the face illumines,
And death no longer alarms,
For we seek the loving shelter
'Of a Father's outstretched arms.

THE MOTHERLY WAY.

DAME Durbin was never accounted
A beauty, not even when young,
And yet in the highways and by-
ways
Her praises have often been sung,
For she is a queen among women;
And O, she has been in her day
A blessing to old folks and young folks,
Because of her motherly way.

The boys that were sent off to college,
That they might in knowledge abound,
Were fortunate fellows if ever
A home with Dame Durbin they found;
She comforted them in their sorrows
And trials, however so small,
And *mothered* them so that they really
Forgot to be homesick at all.

The love that burns strong in her bosom,
So brightly illumines her face,
That babies will stretch their arms toward
her,

And nestle within her embrace;
While poor little wayfaring creatures,
More ready to rule than obey,
Will turn from their angry encounters,
Subdued by her motherly way,

An angel she is in affliction,
With power to comfort and bless
All those who are sick, or in need of
A soft, loving word or caress;
And, O, her beneficent spirit
Its beauty and graces display
In such a bright, bounteous fashion,
In such a dear, motherly way,

What wonder that hearts should adore
her?

What wonder her lovers proclaim
Her fairest and sweetest of women,
With reverence speaking her name?
Ah me! there's no queen in the kingdom
Commanding such marvelous sway
As she with the grace and the wisdom
To reign in a motherly way!

IF I WERE YOU.

F I were you, my precious maid,
In youthful, radiant charms arrayed,
I would not in each public place,
'Mid brazen crowd display my face,
Nor laugh aloud, nor rudely stare,
At others on the thoroughfare,
Nor flirt as many maidens do,
If I were you.

If I were you, I would not be
On short acquaintance quite so free ;
Nor would I rapturously gush
O'er things that are not worth a rush.
For though my pleasure might be great,
I would not be a rattle-pate,
But let my words be choice and few,
If I were you.

If I were you, I would resolve
In quiet circles to revolve,
Nor spend my days and nights, dear girl,
Within the merry, maddening whirl
Where giddy Fashion leads the way,
And all is dazzle and display.
I would not such a life pursue,
If I were you.

If I were you, my heart I'd hold
Above the price of sordid gold ;
Nor be in haste with it to part
To any one in Cupid's mart.
A wise and gracious life I'd lead,
The counsels of my elders heed,
Beginning now the year is new,
If I were you.

THE HEART OF A CHILD.

A QUEER, little, quaint old woman
Walked slowly along the street ;
Her garments, though old and threadbare,
Were perfectly clean and neat ;
And though with a painful effort
She moved—then rested a while—
Her wrinkled features were often
Illumed by a lovely smile.

The little children beheld her,
And pitied her sluggish pace,
But marveled more when they lifted
Their eyes to her aged face,

And noticed the smile upon it ;
For it seemed, in very truth,
As if old Time had forgotten
The charm of her vanished youth.

And always the smile was brighter
When little children drew near ;
Glowing—lingering—fading,
And losing itself in a tear.
And one little thoughtful maiden,
Not fearing to question why,
Said, “Haven’t you any children,
And is that the reason you cry ?”

With a sob in the throat that hindered
The answer, the old woman said,
In a whisper, “I—had—children
Once—but they’re now all dead !”
With quivering lip the maiden
Had listened ; her heart beat fast
With pity. “I’m awfully sorry !”
She fervently said at last,

“ And I wish I could let you have, ma’am,
One of my brothers here ;
But I don’t believe I could spare one,
For they are so very dear.

"God bless you, my child, forever ;
God bless you ! " the dame replied ;
And hiding her face in her apron,
She bitterly sobbed and cried.

The dear little maid was troubled,
There were tears in her eyes of blue,
And she said, after thinking a moment,
"I'll tell you what I will do :
You may kiss us once if you'd like to,
And, if little Ben doesn't mind,
You may give him some extra kisses—
He's as sweet as sugar, you'll find."

Round the neck of the strange old woman
Their arms were tenderly thrown,
And they gave her as hearty kisses
As if she had been their own ;
And many a passer wondered
At seeing her thus caressed,
Despite her shabby old garments,
By children so richly dressed.

They knew not how little children
Are touched at the sight of grief,
Nor how, at an angel's whisper,
They hasten to give relief ;

Nor heard they the poor old woman
Exclaim, as she turned away,
“ Why, I haven’t been as light-hearted
As this for many a day ! ”

HER RIGHT-HAND MAN.

WHEN only a little toddler, Dan
Was always his mother’s right-hand
man ;
Rocking the babies, Gus and Fred,
Tucking them in the trundle-bed ;
Ready to run up stairs or down,
Or off on errands without a frown ;
Ready to do, like a faithful son,
Whatever his mother wanted done.

Her lightest call he was quick to obey ;
Ready to leave his work or his play
Without a murmur ; and were she ill,
He nursed her then with exceeding skill,
And dainty dishes for her prepared,
And for her comfort tenderly cared.
Son and daughter in one was Dan,
His mother’s blessing, her right-hand man !

At twenty-one he'd a right to plan
For a home of his own—this loyal Dan—
And choose from among the girls a wife
To share the comforts of wedded life,
Mother was ailing, and needed more
Her son's assistance than ever before,
And Dan would his marriage for years
 defer
Ere causing one jealous pang to her.

If wishing would bring them, every boy
Would be to his mother a source of joy,
And never a grief or a pain impart
To her affectionate, faithful heart.
Angels above our deeds record ;
Love brings ever its own reward ;
And 'tis never a burden or grief to Dan
To serve as his mother's right-hand man.

And she ? Why, bless you ! so much of
 joy
And pride she feels in her precious boy,
That the sound of his voice will send a flush
To her face as bright as a maiden's blush.
And O ! 'tis a pretty sight to meet
This loving couple upon the street ;
And many a maiden smiles at Dan,
And envies the mother her right-hand man.

CONFESSiON.

 H, sweet the life I might have spent,
 In satisfaction and content,
 In heaven's own peaceful element,
 With you, my love, with you !

How charmful would have been the days,
 How fresh and fragrant all life's ways,
 When wandering through its tangled maze
 With you, my love, with you.

But when I'm waking, or asleep,
 Upon the land or on the deep,
 Blest intercourse I seem to keep
 With you, my love, with you.

I feel your spirit's presence near,
 To warn, to comfort, and to cheer ;
 And bright angelic ones appear
 With you, my love, with you.

Some day this loneliness will end ;
 Death will restore to me my friend ;
 And all eternity I'll spend
 With you, my love, with you.

THE LAUGH OF A LITTLE CHILD.

OW many a heart has been freed from care,

From sorrowful thoughts beguiled,
And turned anew to a gladsome strain,
By the laugh of a little child !

As fresh and sweet as the song of birds
With a sparkle and burst of cheer,
It scatters the spell of loneliness
As it falls on the listening ear.

It takes us back to our childhood's home,
When we were as glad and gay,
Unvexed by the trials and toils of life
That trouble our hearts to-day ;
We look once more on the landscape fair
Where the cheerful sunlight smiled,
And the sweetest music about the house
Was the laugh of a little child.

We may keep the voice that we had in youth,
And Time, as he passes by,
May touch us lightly, and leave undimmed
The luster of beaming eye ;

But though our lot has been strangely blest,
Though Fortune has kindly smiled,
Too soon do we lose the merry heart
And the laugh of a little child.

When dreams are broken, and fancies
spoiled,
And the world has ceased to bless,
And we seem with a lonely heart to tread
The sands of the wilderness,
Away from the haunts of grief we're
brought,
Away from the desert wild,
And the fountains of hope are stirred afresh
By the laugh of a little child.

Then let the little ones laugh aloud,
Nor lightly their mirth restrain,
For soon, full soon is the music lost
That cannot be learned again ;
And many a burdened heart has been
From sorrowful thoughts beguiled,
And the sunshine and peace of home re-
stored
By the laugh of a little child.

TWO FRIENDS.

“**“** **I** SHALL ne’er be content with a
room or two

In a modest house,” said the haughty
maid,

As her airy castle she wandered through,
Where the children of fancy played.

“I would have a palace, and live in state,
With plenty of servants at my command,
And only to those who were rich and great,
Would I offer a friendly hand.

“I must live at ease ; and shall wed, in
truth,

Despite the many suspicious hints,
No love-lorn stripling or simple youth,
But a nabob, if not a prince.

For what is the use of power or pride,
The shapely form, or the hue of health,
If with these gifts we are still denied
The greater blessing of wealth !

“You may laugh if you choose, but I’ve no
belief

In Love in a cottage, or Love at all ;
For the little cherub must come to grief
If held in a homely thrall.

So I will marry a man of mark,
And keep my carriage and live in style,
And I'd better quench this presuming
spark
At whose devotion I smile."

"I'd rather have love," said the Saxon
maid,
Whose laugh was hearty and full of
cheer,
"Than all the princes with their parade
And ten thousand pounds a year !
And whether I'll live in a stately court,
Or up in a garret when I am wed,
Why, I never give it a single thought !
It never enters my head !"

Time passed ; and the children are matrons
now,
And Fortune her wonderful pranks has
played
Till Hope no longer illumines the brow
Or the heart of the haughty maid,
Who lives in a very modest way
In a little town ; and her daily life
Is a daily torture, I'm free to say,
Since she is a poor man's wife !

While the Saxon maid, in her pride and power,
 Of noble presence and cheerful mien,
 With love and fortune alike her dower,
 Reigns well as a social queen.
 And the god of mischief who does his part
 In thus dispensing the ills of fate,
 Alone can tell how a human heart
 May grieve o'er its lost estate.

MOTHER'S ROOM.

 THERE isn't another place in the house
 So full of beauty, so free from gloom,
 No other retreat one half so sweet
 As mother's room !
 'Tis there we gather to tell our wrongs ;
 'Tis there we gather to sing our songs ;
 To seek wise counsel, and oft impart
 The fears that trouble the tender heart.

Why, even the baby, the least of all,
 The pet of the house, will fret and fume,
 And its grief display if kept away
 From mother's room.

And when the door on its hinges turns,
And the face is seen for which baby yearns,
The light of rapture is in the eyes
That seem to look into paradise.

No delicate draperies rich and fine,
No costly fabrics from foreign loom,
No ornaments rare are clustered there,

In mother's room.

But plain and simple, and not profuse,
For ease, and comfort, and homely use,
Are the treasures found in that blest re-
treat,

That without the mother were incomplete.

O there may be dwellings of quaint device,
With lovely gardens and wealth of bloom,
That never may own a nook that's known

As mother's room ;

The shrine at which we have bent the knee
In holy and happy idolatry,
Wherein the altar of Love imparts
Its genial glow to the children's hearts !

A light streams out from that lovely place
To brighten life's path, and its depths illume,
As we wander back over memory's track

To mother's room.

We meet again as we met of yore ;
 Again we're telling our troubles o'er ;
 Again we're clasped to the loving breast
 That always seemed our haven of rest.

And when the light from our home is gone,
 And she is no longer with us to whom
 We owe the bliss that we found in this
 Dear mother's room,
 We shall always hold it a sacred place,
 And always fancy we see her face
 When we open the door, despite the gloom,
 And to us it will always be *mother's room*.

A MOTHER-BOY.

E was always a gentle and thoughtful lad,

The only son that his parents had,
 And though both confessed him their pride
 and joy,
 He was really and truly his mother's boy.

When he came from school, when he came
 from play,
 O ! ever so many times a day,
 He would spring to her lap, and seldom miss
 A chance to give her a loving kiss.

She humored and petted the little lad ;
A downright scolding he never had ;
For him she planned, for him she toiled,
And the wonder is that he was not spoiled.

The other boys, with their saucy flings
About his being “in apron strings,”
Were rude and coarse, and would oft de-
stroy

The peace of mind of this mother-boy.

The mother-love, like a cable strong,
Drew him away from the wicked throng,
And made him conscious that near her
side

Was the sweetest and safest place to abide.

The lad grew up so his mother could
Lean on him in her widowhood ;
And O ! what a comfort it was, and joy,
To feel that she had such a mother-boy !

There were other mothers whose hopes were
wrecked

Because of their children’s harsh neglect ;
Who were kept in a region forlorn and
cold,

Because, forsooth ! they were growing old !

But she still reigned in her home, and knew
 Her children were faithful, fond, and true ;
 And her staff and solace, when near life's
 span,
 Is the mother-boy—now a gray-haired man.

LOVE, THE SAILING-MASTER.

 SHIP went sailing out to sea
 With all her colors flying ;
 O ! costly was the argosy
 The winds and waves defying !
 And none of those who saw her start
 But prophesied disaster
 To the pretty ship, on her trial-trip,
 With Love as the sailing-master.

The port she left seemed fair enough,
 Nor guessed she what commotion
 Lay just beyond ; the billows rough,
 The fury of the ocean,
 Were all unknown, yet still she sped,
 And nothing fleeter passed her,
 With sweep and dip, on her trial-trip,
 With Love as the sailing-master.

Ah ! many a good ship passing by,
The pretty craft discerning,
Their colors dipped, but came not nigh,
Though for her capture yearning ;
For by them all she proudly swept,
And scorned the lures they cast her ;
With gold unbought, with gold uncaught,
Where Love was the sailing-master.

Then o'er the billows like a bird
There came a good ship flying,
With sails by favoring breezes stirred,
A royal prize descrying ;
And e'en when baffling winds did blow,
This good ship followed faster
The bark that fled so far ahead,
With Love as the sailing-master,

And when at last on her trial-trip
The pretty bark was spoken,
Each found in the other a consort-ship,
Exchanging the precious token ;
And gayly o'er life's sea they go,
Prepared to meet disaster,
But fearing no wreck, though storms
sweep the deck,
With Love as the sailing-master !

WOUNDED.

TIS easier to bear
 The heaviest weight of care,
 The shock of battle, and the prisoner's fare,
 Than to endure the pain
 Of bitter words, that gain
 An entrance to the heart, and there remain.

'Tis such an easy thing,
 A cruel taunt to fling,
 We often smile when others feel the sting ;
 But how the blood is stirred
 By an ungracious word
 From one above all other friends preferred !

The castle may not fall,
 Nor enemies appal,
 If there are loyal watchmen on the wall ;
 But ope the doors to sin,
 And troubles soon begin,
 A single traitor letting thousands in.

'Tis easier to heal
 The suffering we feel
 From bullet wound, or thrust of glittering
 steel,

Than to remove the dart,
 The agonizing smart,
 An unkind word may give a loving heart.

'Tis easier to die,
 And bid the world good-bye,
 When youth, and health, and happiness beat
 high,
 Than to live on, and brood
 In weary solitude,
 Misrepresented and misunderstood.

SHE AND I.

WE had a little quarrel
 She and I ;
 We thought to mend our quarrel
 By and by ;
 But we made such long delay
 The forgiving word to say,
 That we drifted far away,
 She and I.

We had been friends together,
 She and I,
 Through clear and cloudy weather,
 She and I ;

Our friendship we'd declared,
Our cares and comforts shared,
And most pleasantly had fared,
She and I.

No evil genius dreading,
She and I
Spoke freely of our wedding
By and by ;
And talked, as lovers do,
Of a cozy nest for two ;
Such a home we had in view,
She and I.

We met, and were light-hearted,
She and I ;
But sorrowfully parted,
She and I ;
And though bitter the regret
At the broken amulet,
We have never spoken yet.
She or I.

They say I'm rather mulish ;
That may be ;
And I was young and foolish—
So was she ;

'Twas a quarrel most absurd,
And I can't recall a word,
And just how the breach occurred
Puzzles me.

We had a foolish quarrel,
She and I,
That furnishes a moral—
Who'll deny ?
So if any one offends
Let him haste to make amends ;
If he waits he'll have no friends
By and by.

BACK TO HIS MOTHER.

SHE stood at the gate with an anxious
face,
A mother with soul distressed ;
And they held her back with the eager
crowd
That close to the barriers pressed.
“ You cannot pass ! ” said the warder grim,
“ Your efforts are all in vain ;
My orders are to let no one in
But those who would take the train ! ”

There were husbands waiting their wives' return,

There were brothers and lovers, too,
Impatiently wandering up and down,

For the train was long overdue.

There were fair young maidens in merry mood,

And none were so sore distressed
As she who stood at the barricade
With her hands clasped tight o'er her breast.

“I tell you, madam, you cannot pass !”

Said the warder beside the gate ;

“Nor can you hurry the train along,

So you'd better sit down and wait !”
A shade passed over the aged face

That wore not a gleam of joy,
As she said, in a low and tremulous voice,

“I'm here, sir, to meet my boy !”

“To meet your boy ? Then why, should you make,

Good woman, this strange ado ?
Sit patiently there in the waiting-room,
And your boy will soon come to you !”

“Would God that he could !” the mother
exclaimed,

With eyes from which hope had fled ;
“He’d come to me surely with eager feet,
But alas, sir, my boy is dead !”

“Dead !” said the warder, and turned the
key

In the bolt with no more delay,
For before the grief of a loving heart
The locks and the law gave way ;
And the train, like a monster all out of
breath,
Crawled under the ample shed,
And the crowd passed out through the
gates, and left
The mother alone with her dead !

THE LESSONS OF THE STREET.

N the corners we may find them,
Or in clusters here and there ;
In the day-time or the night-time,
All along the thoroughfare ;
Standing idly and forgetting
They should earn the bread they eat,
Are the many who are learning
All the lessons of the street.

In their homes is naught inviting ;
Poverty and want are there ;
Wasteful demons—thirsting ever—
 Serve to keep the cupboard bare ;
And the little babies wander
 Out of doors, on toddling feet,
Quick to learn the lessons taught them
 Every hour upon the street.

Shame and Crime their ready pupils
 Here, of every age, may find ;
Sons of wealth and rank, to Evil
 And to Idleness inclined ;
In the school of Vice progressing,
 They with base-born rogues compete,
Who have won a high distinction
 From their training in the street.

Maidens fresh in youthful beauty,
 Cherished in the heart and home ;
Dearly loved ones—vain and thought-
 less—
 From the fireside choose to roam ;
Knowing not the many dangers
 And disasters they may meet,
By their every-day attendance
 On the lessons of the street.

Many a life that started bravely,
 Full of promise, pride, and zeal—
 Stirred within by holy passions
 That the knavish never feel—
 Has been overthrown in battle :
 Led to sure and swift defeat
 By the poison and pollution
 Of the lessons of the street.

O ye mothers ! train your darlings
 So to love their homes, that they
 With the idle and the vicious
 Will not ever go astray.
 With a chain of strong affection
 Bind them to this safe retreat,
 That their minds may not be tainted
 By the lessons of the street.

THROUGH AND THROUGH.



LITTLE thought and a little care,
 A little tenderness now and then,
 A gracious speech and a courtly air
 May give one rank among gentlemen ;

But he who merits the highest place,
Though clad in homespun he be, 'tis true,
Is one who carries a heart of grace,
And is really a nobleman through and
through.

Ah, not to a leaflet here and there
Is the lovely scent of the rose conveyed ;
Nor is there a corner within it, where
The fragrance lurks, and the treasure's
laid ;
But every petal is truly filled—
Pink or crimson, or saffron hue—
With odors rich, by the dews distilled ;
And the rose is a sweet rose through and
through.

And yonder billow with foaming crest,
So bright and sparkling, so glad and free,
May seem of a lighter make than the rest
Of the mighty sweep of the solemn sea ;
But there's not a drop in the crucible,
Never a drop since the world was new,
That wouldn't the self-same story tell,
That the sea is a salt sea through and
through.

The tree is stunted, the vine is spoiled,
 There's neither blossom, nor leaf, nor
 fruit,
 When the sap in its upward reach is foiled,
 And fettered close in the tangled root.
 And there's nothing sound, and there's noth-
 ing strong,
 There's nothing good, and there's nothing
 true,
 That is not honestly—right along—
 Sweet and savory through and through.

Faithfully faithful to every trust ;
 Honestly honest in every deed ;
 Righteously righteous, and justly just,
 This is the whole of the good man's creed.

AT THE CLOSE OF DAY.

HE old man sat in the chimney nook,
 With the Bible upon his knee,
 And his eyes had a far-away, happy look,
 For he saw what we could not see.
 And he spoke in a gentle, caressing tone
 To those he had loved and had called his

QWN :

“ Yes, Mary, the baby is wondrous fair,
With its eyes of violet blue,
And it has your forehead and golden hair ;
I am glad it looks like you ;
For a sweeter woman there ne'er could be
Than the one who cast her lot with me !

“ Dead ! There are tears on the coffin-lid,
But, my dear, we must not weep,
For the ways of God from our sight are hid,
Our little one is asleep ;
The song and the sunshine with her are fled,
But our hearts assure us she is not dead.

“ And the boys, dear Mary, how fast they
grew
To be bearded and brilliant men !
Even poor little Johnny !—we never knew
That he held a magic pen.
But I’m sure he will never write, nor speak,
A word that would crimson a maiden’s cheek.

“ They’re boys to be proud of, I tell you, wife,
And better could not be had,
For they were not given to foolish strife,
And not one went to the bad.
And amid their manhood’s trials and cares,
They’ll always remember their mother’s
prayers.

“We used to sit in the fading light,
Under the maple-tree,
And talk together ; 'tis almost night,
Come, Mary, and sit by me.
That's right ; and the children ? are they all
here ?
I have been so lonely without you, dear ! ”

The old man sat in the chimney nook,
With the Bible upon his knee,
And his eyes had a far-away, happy look,
For he saw what we could not see.
And with his beloved ones, a spirit-band,
He had entered into the Morning Land.

A PLEASANT JOURNEY.

“ HAVE had such a pleasant jour-
ney ! ”
Said grandmother, as she lay
On her couch by the open window
At the close of a summer day,
When the twilight was melting slowly
Away to the night's embrace,
And a glow of celestial beauty
Lay soft on the dear old face.

“I have had such a pleasant journey !”
She whispered again, so low
That we knew she was busy thinking
 Of days that were long ago ;
Though worn were the aged fingers,
 And weary the pilgrim feet,
The way must have had some gladness
 Since the memory was so sweet.

Though none of her loved companions,
 The friends of her early prime,
Were near with their recollections
 And tokens of olden time ;
Though the graves of her hopes and
 kindred
 Were dotted along the past,
“It has been such a pleasant journey,”
 She whispered, “ from first to last ! ”

Never a word of the briers
 By which her feet had been torn ;
Never a word of the burdens
 And trials that she had borne ;
And never, through all the journey,
 Had any one coming nigh her
Detected the smell on her garments
 That told of the furnace fire !

For the Lord had been ever with her,
And given her so much grace,
That the sorrows her heart had suffered
Had left on her brow no trace,
Except the calm, peaceful shining
His favor alone can impart,
And that rests like a benediction
On those who are pure in heart.

And those who had heard the story
Of her sad and eventful life,
Of the trouble that early found her,
Of the wearisome toil and strife,
Were lost in a dream of wonder
That she could so sweetly say,
“I have had such a pleasant journey !”
At the closing hour of the day.

It is not by years, though threescore
And ten o'er our heads have rolled,
It is not on earthly records
The measure of life is told ;
But they have lived best and noblest,
Who, gentle and loving and brave,
Have made it a pleasant journey
From the cradle unto the grave.

THE LONELY MOTHER.

 FOR a chance to rest,
 O, for the blissful quiet,
 Away from the children's noise,
 Away from their romp and riot!"
 The mother said, with a sigh,
 And the look as of one distracted
 By the tumult she could not quell,
 And the duties of her exacted.

From morning till late at night
 Day in and day out she has, may be,
 To scold at a fractious boy,
 Or comfort a restless baby.
 Tom was naughty and wild,
 And constantly needed chiding,
 Kate was a saucy child,
 In need of a mother's guiding ;

Sly as a fox was Ben,
 And full of his tricks was Jerry ;
 And a topsy-turvy house
 It was when they all made merry.
 Never a chance to rest !
 Never a bit of quiet !
 No wonder the mother dear
 Was almost distracted by it !

But not too long at her side
The troublesome comforts tarried ;
Tom had a taste for the sea ;
Katy was young when she married ;
Ben crossed the continent
To add to his store of knowledge ;
And Jerry went off to learn
More pranks at a certain college.

And all alone by herself,
With longings she cannot smother,
Beside her desolate hearth
Sits the lonely and sad-faced mother ;
With no little children near
To keep up a merry riot ;
Ah ! now that she has her wish,
The house is by far too quiet.

CROSSING THE FERRY.

HE boat was not in, and the crowd
kept increasing,
The tide flowing in through the gate
without ceasing ;
The young and the aged, the sad and the
merry,
Were there for the purpose of crossing the
ferry.

The man at the wheel like a sentinel waited ;
'Twas little he cared that the boat was belated ;
But O ! in the crowd were impatient ones, very,
Much vexed at detentions in crossing the ferry.

There were mothers whose little ones surely would worry ;
There were lawyers and doctors in desperate hurry ;
Mechanics and porters with goods to deliver
In haste on the opposite side of the river.

The rich and the poor were all huddled together,
Some talking of fashions, and some of the weather,
While anxiously waiting the long-delayed wherry
They found so convenient for crossing the ferry.

There were lovers, with flowers and flattery laden ;
There was many a beautiful, dutiful maiden ;

And with innocent laughter and mirth they
made merry,
Beguiling the time spent in crossing the
ferry.

There were others who stood quite apart in
their sadness
From those who were sparkling with youth
and with gladness,
Their loved and their lost they were going
to bury
In Greenwood; for this were they crossing
the ferry.

Ah, hither and thither we toil and we travel,
In striving Life's tangled-up skeins to un-
ravel;
And whether we grieve all the day or make
merry,
We all have our purpose in crossing the
ferry.

AT THE PAWN-SHOP DOOR.

N the winter morning early, when only a few were astir,
And the shutters were up at the windows,
and the snow lay white in the streets,
As the wheels of travel and traffic were beginning to whizz and whirr,
And the sunshine drove the shadows like ghosts from their dark retreats,
From out the tenement houses, from cellars so cold and damp,
That the humid blossoms of death gleam whitely on wall and floor,
The watchful sentinels stole away from the waking camp,
And, shivering with cold and hunger, appeared at the pawn-shop door.

There was one in her widow's weeds who had striven from day to day
To keep her children in comfort, with plenty of food to eat,
But the rent would be due to-morrow, she'd not the money to pay,
And O, the disgrace and horror of being turned into the street !

She looked about her in anguish for something that she could spare
From her tenderly hoarded treasure—a scanty yet precious store—
And bearing away the jewel that proudly she used to wear,
In the dusk of a winter morning she stood at the pawn-shop door.

There were others who gathered round her whose faces too well betrayed
The shrine at which they worshiped, the vice that had bitten in
Through the fiber of all their being, till unblushingly they displayed
The tokens of their enslavement, the taints and traces of sin.
They are regular comers, by the demon of drink accursed,
The lazy and tattered “bummers,” albeit of breadth and brawn,
Who are driven at early morning by the scourge of a terrible thirst—
Ah! little have they to hope for whose souls are already in pawn !

But there outside of the group, with fingers
aching and red,

A little boy with a bundle slips into a
vacant place ;

There are no shoes on his feet, not much of
a cap on his head,

And the great big tears run over the
shrunken and care-worn face.

He is hungry and cold and wretched ; there
is no fire on the hearth,

Not a bit of bread in the cupboard, nor
even a scrap of meat ;

And the little brothers and sisters are stran-
gers to joy and mirth,

When they're pinched by the cold of win-
ter, and haven't enough to eat.

Ah ! sad enough is the picture, and little
we dream or know

Of the terrible storms encountered, the
anguish and sore distress

Of many we daily meet in our journeying to
and fro,

Whom we never have thought to pity,
and never have cared to bless.

And driven before the wind of a merciless
cruel fate,
Like vessels shorn of their sails and urged
to a rocky shore.
Bereft of their early hopes, and swept from
their high estate,
Pitiful wrecks! they're stranded close to
the pawn-shop door.

HAVE FAITH IN THE BOY.

AVE faith in the boy, not believing
That he is the worst of his kind,
In league with the army of Satan,
And only to evil inclined ;
But daily to guide and control him,
Your wisdom and patience employ,
And daily, despite disappointment
And sorrow, have faith in the boy.

Have faith to believe that some moment
In life's strangely checkered career,
Convicted, subdued, and repentant,
The prodigal son will appear ;
The gold in his nature rejecting
The dark and debasing alloy,
Illuming your spirit with gladness
Because you had faith in the boy.

Though now he is wayward and stubborn,
And keeps himself sadly aloof
From those who are anxious and fearful,
And ready with words of reproof—
Have faith that the prayers of a mother
His wandering feet will arrest,
And turn him away from his follies
To weep out his tears on her breast.

The brook that goes dashing and dancing,
We may not divert from its course
Until the wild turbulent spirit
Has somewhat expended its force ;
The brook is the life of the river ;
And if we the future might scan,
We'd find that a boisterous boyhood
Gave vigor and life to the man.

Ah, many a boy has been driven
Away from his home by the thought
That no one believed in his goodness,
Nor dreamed of the battles he fought.
So if you would help him to conquer
The foes that are prone to annoy,
Encourage him often with kindness,
And show you have faith in the boy.

Have faith in his good resolutions,
 Believe that at last he'll prevail,
 Though now he's forgetful and heedless,
 Though day after day he may fail.
 Your doubts and suspicious misgivings
 His hope and his courage destroy,
 So if you'd secure a brave manhood
 'Tis well to have faith in the boy.

WHEN DAVE COMES IN.

THOUGH at its height the fun may be,
 And every one intent
 To do his best to keep along
 The flow of merriment,
 At once the tide of glee will fall,
 Hushed is the merry din,
 And gloomy silence steals o'er all
 When Dave comes in.

For Dave is such a solemn chap,
 He does not like a noise,
 Nor does he like the madcap ways
 Of healthy girls and boys ;
 And so we wait till he goes out,
 And then we all begin
 To race and romp, and laugh and shout,
 Till Dave comes in.

I only hope he'll fall in love
Some day with some sweet maid,
Who of his military ways
Will never be afraid ;
A little woman, glad and bright,
To wit and mirth akin,
Whose face will sparkle with delight
When Dave comes in.

And then, O may I live to see
The day ! I hope there'll be
A lot of children in the house
Brimful of boisterous glee ;
Who oft in chorus will unite,
A gay, good-humored din,
And crow and caper with delight
When Dave comes in.

Then Dave will be a happier man
By far than he is now ;
And smiles will chase away these frowns
And furrows from his brow.
Love, haste the day ! and bring about
The change ; for 'tis a sin
That so much sunshine should go out
When Dave comes in.

THE BEST SHIP AFLOAT.



F all the ships afloat
On Atlantic or Pacific,
Or far within the tropics
On the Indian Ocean's breast,
With white sails all a-gleaming,
With brilliant colors streaming,
There's no ship
Like Friendship,
The stanchest and the best !

When tempests hover nigh,
And the sea is lashed to fury,
When loudly roar the breakers,
And above the sea-gulls swarm ;
When skies are overclouded,
And sunshine is enshrouded,
There's no ship
Like Friendship
To battle with the storm !

A welcome sight is she,
Wherever we may meet her,
With canvas spread out finely,
With pennon bright and blue ;

To none she is a stranger,
And in the hour of danger
 There's no ship
 Like Friendship
 To lead us safely through !

From port to port she sails,
The bearer of dispatches
From Love, the mighty monarch,
 Her outfit all complete ;
And though little skiff or clipper
May in a race outstrip her,
 There's no ship
 Like Friendship
 In all the royal fleet !

Of all the ships afloat
On Atlantic or Pacific,
Or far within the tropics
 On the Indian Ocean's breast,
With white sails all a-gleaming,
With brilliant colors streaming,
 There's no ship
 Like Friendship,
 The stanchest, and the best !

THE HARDEST TASK.

TIS hard to labor from morn till night,
To plow the furrow and pluck the
weeds,

For those who poorly the task require,
And care but little for all our needs ;
But the hardest work is to get along
With those who never do any thing wrong.

You're sure to meet in the course of life
With men and women who freely state
Their own opinions, with yours at strife,
And you may endeavor to set them
straight ;
But you'll find it wiser to jog along
Than argue with those who never do wrong.

They go their way, with a smile, no doubt,
At us who suffer such pains and aches
And mental torture, at finding out
That we've committed some grave mis-
takes ;
With pride unbroken, erect, and strong,
Are those who never do any thing wrong.

You may note their faults, and attempt to
prove

Wherein they err, but as well essay
With a cambric needle the rock to move
That fills the passage, and blocks your
way ;

You may talk by the hour with tears in
your eyes,
But they'll never confess nor apologize.

They never come with a tearful face,
And tender kisses, to make amends
For wounds inflicted ; or say with grace,
“ I’m sorry ! forgive me, and let’s be
friends ! ”

But stern and unyielding they move along
Convinced they have never done any thing
wrong.

This is a work-a-day world we’re in,
And toils and troubles their round repeat ;
But out of the tangles some gold we spin ;
And out of the bitter extract some sweet ;
But the hardest work is to get along
With those who never do any thing wrong !

THE WHEEL GOES ROUND.

HOUGH daily we may plan and plot,
 Each day we're sure to find,
 To our distress, that things are not
 Exactly to our mind ;
 And useless 'tis to grieve and fret,
 Or meet our fate with frowns,
 For life was never perfect yet
 Without its ups and downs.

The wheel goes round and round ;
 The wheel goes round and round ;
 And those who now are at the top
 Will soon be on the ground ;
 And those who at the bottom lie
 Will then be at the top ;
 For so the wheel goes round and round,
 And round, and will not stop.

To-day my neighbor soareth high
 On fortune's favoring breeze ;
 His wants abundant streams supply,
 His life is one of ease ;
 His cup of pleasure and delight
 Seems sparkling to the brim ;
 The sun is on his path so bright
 That many envy him.

And yet the wheel goes round ;
The wheel goes round and round ;
And those who now are at the top
Will soon be on the ground ;
And those who at the bottom lie
Will then be on the top ;
For so the wheel goes round and round,
And round, and will not stop.

Some labor hard from day to day
To till the stubborn soil,
While some from morn till evening gray
Reap rich reward for toil ;
And those who in their early youth
Escape much grief and care,
May, when old age creeps on in truth,
Life's heaviest burdens bear.

The wheel goes round and round ;
The wheel goes round and round ;
And those who now are at the top
Will soon be on the ground ;
And those who at the bottom lie
Will then be at the top ;
For so the wheel goes round and round,
And round, and will not stop.

A CORNER FOR YOU.

T is not a sumptuous dwelling,
With plenty of room and to spare,
With pictures and draperies telling
That wealth is a resident there;
But only a small habitation;
We're crowded for room, it is true,
But come, dear, without hesitation,
There's always a corner for you!

More ample are Geraldine's quarters,
With furnishings costly and rare,
And only one son and two daughters
Her generous income to share ;
Her rooms are more spacious than many ;
Her household in numbers but few,
And yet you will find there's not any
Snug corner for me or for you.

'Tis not with the proud and the wealthy
Hospitable feelings are found ;
More oft 'mid the poor will a healthy
Good-fellowship seem to abound ;
No matter how meager their table ;
No matter how scanty their store,
Somehow they are cheerfully able
To crowd and make room for one more.

It matters not whether in ermine
 Or sackcloth the host may be drest,
 The size of his heart will determine
 The welcome he gives to a guest ;
 And though I may live in a shanty,
 As many unfortunates do—
 Though porridge and pasture be scanty,
 There's always a corner for you !

Where many are narrow and sordid,
 What joy the frank-hearted do find !
 What comfort and cheer are afforded
 By those to affection inclined !
 Where love has a steadfast endurance,
 Is honestly faithful and true,
 The heart gives repeated assurance
 It has a warm corner for you !

THE PRICE OF A DRINK.

“**F**IYE cents a glass !” Does any one think
 That that is really the price of a drink ?
 “Five cents a glass !” I hear you say ;
 “Why, that isn't very much to pay.”

Ah, no, indeed ; 'tis a very small sum
You are passing over 'twixt finger and
thumb ;
And if that were all that you gave away,
It wouldn't be very much to pay.

The price of a drink ? Let him decide
Who has lost his courage and lost his pride,
And lies a groveling heap of clay,
Not far removed from a beast to-day.
The price of a drink ? Let that one tell
Who sleeps to-night in a murderer's cell,
And feels within him the fires of hell.
Honor and virtue, love and truth,
All the glory and pride of youth,
Hopes of manhood, the wreath of fame,
High endeavor and noble aim—
These are the treasures thrown away
As the price of a drink, from day to day.

“ Five cents a glass ! ” How Satan laughed,
As over the bar the young man quaffed
The beaded liquor ; for the demon knew
The terrible work that drink would do ;
And before the morning the victim lay
With his life-blood swiftly ebbing away ;
And that was the price he paid, alas !
For the pleasure of taking a social glass.

The price of a drink ! If you want to know
What some are willing to pay for it, go
Through that wretched tenement over there,
With dingy windows and broken stair,
Where foul disease, like a vampire, crawls
With outstretched wings o'er the moldy
walls.

There Poverty dwells, with her hungry
brood,
Wild-eyed as demons for lack of food ;
There Shame in a corner crouches low ;
There violence deals its cruel blow ;
And innocent ones are thus accursed
To pay the price of another's thirst.

“ Five cents a glass ! ” O, if that were all,
The sacrifice would indeed be small !
But the money's worth is the least amount
We pay ; and whoever will keep account,
Will learn the terrible waste and blight
That follow this ruinous appetite.

“ Five cents a glass ! ” Does any one
think

That that is really the price of a drink ?

SOME PEOPLE WE KNOW.

SOME people we know—and they're nice
people, too—
Are so very precise in whatever they do,
As straight as a rule,
And so calm, and so cool,
We feel in their presence as if we're at
school.

They are very strait-laced, have a calling to
preach ;
And as they are not very fluent in speech
Much Scripture they quote—
They have learned it by rote—
And fancy an excellent cause they pro-
mote.

If they send us a letter, they'll wait per-
haps years,
Nor write us again till our answer appears ;
And manage to let
Us never forget
That we have neglected to cancel our
debt.

They're so very formal, and make such a fuss
Whenever they happen to call upon us,

Are so ill at ease,
We are ready to freeze

In the atmosphere made by such people as
these.

If we do them a favor, or send them a gift,
The obligation at once they will shift,

By sending us more
Than we sent from our store;

O, they're very punctilious indeed on that
score!

“An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth,”
Is the maxim these good people live by, for-
sooth;

A good rule, in fact,
When a little bit slacked,
For life is not sweet where the law's too exact.

The people we love, and with whom we're
at ease,

Are cheerful, and kindly, and not hard to
please;

While others, austere,
Can never get near
Our hearts, though we meet them each day
in the year.

SAY THAT YOU'RE SORRY.

 WEE little child was in trouble and
 pain ;
The tears down its cheeks running
 swiftly as rain ;
When one came along who exclaimed, with
 a shout,
“ Why, what in the world are you crying
 about ?

“ Cut your finger ? Dear me, that is noth-
 ing at all ;
You ought not to weep o'er a trial so small ;
Be a man ; and whatever may happen
 amiss,
O, never again be a baby like this.”

The appeal was in vain ; for the mourner
 bowed low,
And still the big tear-drops continued to
 flow ;
And the little frame shook in a tempest of
 grief,
For words such as these brought no sooth-
 ing relief.

“Now what can I do for you? What can
I say?”

Asked the elder, amazed at this childish
display.

“You hear me? This minute get up from
the floor;

You’ll make yourself sick if you cry any
more.”

The little one, lifting a woe-begone face
On which the hot tears had left many a trace,
With a sigh and a struggle for speech mur-
mured he :

“I think you might say you are sorry for
me.”

A trial it is for the baby to miss
The pitying word and the comforting kiss;
And, O, for the tears that rain over the
face

There’s no balm so sure as a loving embrace.

The sorrows of childhood are grievous to
bear

Without our fond pity, our comforting care,
And when the hurts come, and the way’s
rather rough,

We can say we are sorry—and that is
enough.

THE GIRLS WE USED TO KNOW.

WHERE are the girls we used to know
In the halcyon days of long ago ?
The merry maids — the dancing
elves—

As happy as we were ourselves ?
We miss their voices from the song ;
We miss their faces from the throng ;
We miss the sweetness and delight
That used to make the world so bright.

They took their part with pretty zest
In song, or dance, or play, or jest ;
And memory's waking touch can all
Their faces and their ways recall.
These damsels bright and debonaire,
We meet upon each thoroughfare,
Are more for fashion and for show
Than were the girls we used to know.

Yon matron, with the wrinkled face
And withered form, devoid of grace,
It cannot be that she is Sue,
The merriest one of all the crew !

And this one, dignified and stout,
Living in affluence, no doubt,
By not a single look betrays
The Emily of former days.

Margaret, Maria, Helen, Kate,
And Jane Augusta, so sedate,
Chloe and Sallie—all are changed;
All, all are more or less estranged.
And, as with heavy, aching hearts
We vainly seek their counterparts,
We sigh and wonder, as we go,
Where are the girls we used to know !

But, gazing in the looking-glass,
We see that we ourselves, alas !
Are greatly changed ; nor bear, in truth,
The least resemblance to our youth.
Our once brown locks are touched with gray,
The rounded cheek has shrunk away,
And there are other signs we wear
To mark the touch of Time and Care.

Still young at heart, our hearts rebel
At what the years and dates may tell,
And in sweet visions wander back
Along the well-remembered track,

And cheat ourselves in the belief
That none have ever come to grief,
But boys and girls walk hand in hand
As if in an enchanted land.

Yet should we meet when in life's prime
Some playmate of the olden time,
What bitter memories would destroy
The sweetness of our cup of joy !
And since to-morrow never gives
True copies of those negatives
We took in youth, we dream, and lo !
We're with the girls we used to know !

A WORRYING WOMAN.

 **WORRYING** woman will always,
no doubt,
Find something or other to worry
about ;
She worries at this, and she worries at that,
And nobody knows what she's worrying at.
If she sees a small cloud she will worry for fear
A terrible cyclone is hovering near ;
If she hears any noise in the night she's in
dread,
And fancies a burglar is under her bed.

If the children are out she is on the alert
To worry because they may chance to get
hurt ;
And if they're at home, and unusually still,
She's sure to imagine they're dreadfully ill.

If a window is open she'll worry and scold
Because she's in danger of getting a cold ;
If the windows are closed then she can't get
her breath,
And worries for fear she'll be stifled to
death.

If she travels by boat she imagines the worst
That can happen—is certain the boiler will
burst ;
And if by the cars she decides to come
back,
She is sure that the engine will run off the
track.

If there's work to be done she's in a great
stew,
For fear that the workmen will never get
through ;
And when they have finished and gone out
of sight,
She worries for fear they've not done the
work right.

If she goes out to shop, she is worried for
fear

The goods she buys cheap will turn out to
be dear ;

And if little or much of her money is spent,
She is never happy, and never content.

She worries if she remains single too long;
And if she is married she thinks she did
wrong ;

She worries if she is not treated just right;
And in this way she worries from morning
till night.

A worrying woman you never can please;
She's always unhappy, and never at ease;
And with nothing to vex her, she'll worry,
no doubt,

Because she has nothing to worry about !

"TOO DEEP FOR THAT."

“ YES,” said Farmer Brown,
Bringing his hard fist down
On the old oak table ;
“ They say that men can talk
From Paris to New York,
Through a sunken cable !

“ ’Tis perfectly absurd ;
For to hear a single word
 No man is able ;
And it’s clear enough to me
That this wide-spread mystery
 Is a foolish fable.

“ The news we get from Rome
Is all made up at home,
 ’Tis my conviction ;
And that, you see, will account
For the terrible amount
 Of contradiction.

“ Yes,” said Farmer Brown,
Bringing his hard fist down
 On the old oak table;
“ My wife and I have tried
The experiment ; we tied
 A good stout bit of cable

“ To the fence just over there,
And the rocker of this chair ;
 And we couldn’t do it,
Though we screamed ourselves as hoarse
As tree-toads ; but, of course,
 Not one word went through it !

"Don't talk to me, I pray,
Of fresh news every day
Through sunken cables ;
Sea-yarns are always tough,
And I have heard enough
Of such old fables ! "

THE LAW AND THE LADY.

"*H*!" cried the judge, a smile upon
his face,
As he reviewed the features of
the case,
In which the magistrate judicial saw
Something to brighten up the court of law.
"A lady is the plaintiff! I'll engage
That she shall make confession of her age!"

By every art known to forensic lore
He plied his questions, cross-examined, swore
(Below his breath, of course); but all un-
moved
She parried every thrust, and fully proved,
By many a covert scratch with sharpened
claw,
The lady had some knowledge of the law.

At last the judge, quite well assured that he
Had met his match in wordy strategy,
Yet curious to know — what men hold
cheap—

The only secret women ever keep,
Exclaimed, “Now, madam, date of birth
report,
Or I'll commit you for contempt of court!”

The lady looked upon the judge and smiled
As gracefully and sweetly as a child,
And with a blush ingenuous answered, “Sir,
Not on my own account do I demur;
But then you see, your honor, I'm a twin,
To tell my sister's age would be a sin!”

The judge with stare of blank amazement,
saw

She did not fear the “terrors of the law,”
And doubtless had ere this from Scripture
page

Erased the mournful record of her age;
And so, with regulation frown, he hissed,
“The case goes to the jury! Court's dis-
missed!”

A COMMONPLACE WOOING.

 SHE was romantic,
And rather pedantic,
And full of historical lore,
And fond of expressing
Her views, and confessing
Her love for the customs of yore.

This billing and cooing,
And commonplace wooing,
Was not very much to her mind,
And the troubadour fashion
Of telling Love's passion
Was far more discreet and refined.

And she had a notion,
A lover's devotion,
His mistress as sovereign should crown ;
And she would look queenly,
And smile most serenely
When *he* kissed—the hem of her gown.

Such chivalrous lover
"Twas hard to discover
Except in the volumes she read,
And so the years found her
With wise ones around her,
But none came to woo or to wed.

Books are well in their places,
But a sight of dear faces
With eyes lit with love for ourselves,
Can give us more pleasure
Than any rich treasure
We find on the library shelves.

For Emerson, Plato,
And Virgil and Cato,
Though worthy to know and admire,
By any endeavor
Can never—no, never—
Be all that our hearts may desire.

And when, in plain fashion,
One whispered his passion,
And asked her his future to bless,
This erudite maiden,
With blushes all laden,
Was not at all loath to say “Yes.”

For billing and cooing,
And commonplace wooing,
Though not to her fancy, she said,
(So skilled in black letter !)
Were very much better
Than being unwooed and unwed.

AN EVERY-DAY GIRL.

SHE'S only an every-day girl,
Without any semblance of art,
This wide-awake sensible maid,
To whom I have given my heart.
She's womanly, gentle, and kind,
The least little bit of a prude,
Whose dignity is a rebuke
To those too familiar, or rude.

She's honest and frank as the day,
Has never been known to deceive,
And every thing she may assert
Is certainly safe to believe.
Her beauty is not of the kind
To set any heart in a whirl,
And light-headed friendships are not
The choice of an every-day girl.

Her taste in the matter of dress
Is neither too showy nor grave,
But such as will lead you to guess
She is not to fashion a slave ;
Yet many a one has turned round,
On meeting her out in the street,
To admire the every-day girl
Who looked so remarkably sweet.

Her gifts and her graces are not
Set out in attractive array
To dazzle, or envy excite,
Or ever for public display ;
But sitting beside her alone,
Or with a choice few, you will find
How good and how great is her heart,
How richly endowed is her mind.

To her you may go in your grief,
And freely your troubles rehearse ;
On her in your sickness depend,
For she is a capital nurse ;
Whatever the strait you are in,
Though others may give you no heed,
You'll find that an every-day girl
Will furnish the help that you need.

She's patient, forbearing, and wise,
Good-natured, kind-hearted, and true,
And does with a resolute will
The tasks that are set her to do.
Ah, happy indeed is his lot,
Without an occasion for strife,
Who with such an every-day girl
Can spend every day of his life !

THE TOUCH OF A WOMAN'S HAND.

TWAS a modest house in a humble street,

Where poverty made its home,
Where few of the belles and beaux we meet

Were ever inclined to roam,
That out of the dingy darkness glowed,
Like a gem in an iron band,
Because of one little room that showed
The touch of a woman's hand.

The glass in the window shone bright and clear,

And the curtains of woven lace
Gave an aristocratic atmosphere
To the very plebeian place;
And 'twas easy to see that the most was made
Of the little wealth at command
By these outward tokens, that well betrayed
The touch of a woman's hand.

And many a house seems full of gloom,
A dark and desolate place,
Because there's lacking from every room
This mark of feminine grace ;

For there isn't a dwelling high or low,
In the length and breadth of the land,
That doesn't its sweet attractions owe
To the touch of a woman's hand.

But ah, not only to decorate
And adorn the pilgrim's tent,
Is woman endowed with a power so great,
So strangely beneficent;
For even the little blossoms that grow
And beautify all the land,
Bloom sweetly for her, and appear to know
The touch of a woman's hand.

And when in sickness and sore distress,
O'erwearied in heart and brain,
How we long for the hand that was wont to
bless
And soothe every ache and pain!
The touch that was tender and soft and kind,
The warm, compassionate palm,
That gave new strength to the weakened
mind,
And furnished the healing balm!

And O, it is true that the tender touch,
So ready its good to impart,
With a speech of its own expressing much,
Comes straight from a tender heart;

And all humanity, high or low,
 In the length and breadth of the land,
 Can be lifted up, or debased, we know,
 By the touch of a woman's hand.

'TWIXT GARRET AND CELLAR.

THREE'S many a dweller
 'Twixt garret and cellar
 Who knows very little, and cares less to
 know
 Of the troubles and trials,
 And daily denials,
 Of those who are dwelling above or below.
 Themselves on a level
 'Twixt angel and devil,
 They hold no communion, nor enter the door
 (With words kindly spoken,
 With cheering love token)
 Of those whose misfortune it is to be poor.

They see not, they hear not,
 And so interfere not
 With troubles or sorrows in which they've
 no part;
 Their province is bounded
 By Self, and surrounded
 With forests of timber without any heart.

They sow not for others,
 Their sisters or brothers,
 Nor scatter a crumb from their overstocked
 shelves ;
 And selfishly living,
 Are never forgiving
 To any but just their own miserly selves.

They miss the sweet pleasure,
 The joy beyond measure,
 Of mounting the soul on its pinions of love
 With heavenly beauty
 To do angel's duty
 In the cellar below, or the garret above.

Where huddled together
 In poverty's tether
 Are many worth saving from deeper distress :
 Poor, innocent creatures,
 With pallid, pinched features,
 The half of whose suff'rings no mortal can
 guess.

THE MEMORY OF A WRONG.

ONG years ago, the record said,
 The cruel, cruel deed was done,
 That, like a legacy of hate,
 Was handed down from sire to son.

Around the heart its iron grasp
Was fastened ever, firm and strong,
And life's sweet cup embittered with
The memory of that wrong.

So often was the wound exposed,
So often was the tale rehearsed,
The acid had a sharper sting
And burned more deeply than at first.
And at the fireside appeared
Revenge and Hate, with demon throng,
To keep alive in every breast
The memory of that wrong.

The man was dead who did that deed ;
Ay, dead and buried years ago,
Yet all his kindred were compelled
To bear the heritage of woe ;
It marked them with an ugly stain ;
Vain all their efforts to efface
The record of ancestral crime
That worked this deep disgrace.

They dwelt afar in foreign lands ;
They changed their name ; yet not a
child
Was born to them that did not know
The reason they were thus exiled.

And ever was the burden borne
 By sire and son their whole life long ;
 And O ! what bitter tears were shed
 In memory of that wrong !

One day a lovely maiden met
 A youth as fair and good as she,
 And two hearts beat as one because
 Of some mysterious sympathy ;
 And neither knew, till Love had set
 Its seal upon their hearts so strong,
 That they should stand apart as foes,
 In memory of a wrong.

But mightier than the voice of Hate,
 The voice of Love within them spoke,
 And in a moment—at a touch—
 The fetters of tradition broke.
 United in a bond of bliss
 They dwelt serenely ; and ere long
 No living heart was tortured by
 The memory of that wrong.

WHAT AILED THE PUDDING ?

“ **W**HAT shall we have for dinner,
 to-day ? ”
 Said Mrs. Dobbs, in her pleasant
 way ;

“For Sally has much to do, and would wish
That we’d get along with an easy dish—
Something that wouldn’t take long to pre-
pare,

Or really require much extra care.”

Said Mrs. Dobbs : “There isn’t a doubt
But what we’d all fancy a stirabout !”

“A hasty pudding ! Hurrah ! that’s nice !”
Exclaimed the girls and boys in a trice.
Then Sally put on the biggest pot,
And soon the water was boiling hot,
And Mrs. Dobbs mixed together some flour
And water, and in less than an hour
The pudding began to bubble up thick
And dance about with the pudding-stick.

Said Mr. Dobbs, as he made a halt,
“Our Sally is apt to forget the salt ;
So I’ll put in a pinch ere I leave the house ;”
And he went on tiptoe, as still as a mouse,
And, dropping a handful in very quick,
Stirred it well about with the pudding-
stick,
And said to himself, “Now, isn’t this
clever!”

At which the pudding laughed louder than
ever.

Then Mrs. Dobbs came after a while,
And looked in the pot with a cheery smile,
And thought how much she'd enjoy the
treat,
And how much the children would want to
eat;

Then said, "Our Sally has one great fault—
She is very apt to forget the salt!"
And into the hasty pudding was sent
A handful of this ingredient.

John, George, and Jennie, and Bess, in
turn,
Gave the stick a twist, lest the pudding
burn;
For O! how empty and wretched they'd
feel
If any thing ruined their noonday meal!
And each in turn began to reflect,
And make amends for Sally's neglect,
For the girl was good, but she had one
fault—
She was very apt to forget the salt!

But Sally, herself, it is strange to say,
Was not remiss in her usual way;
But before she went to her upstairs work
She threw in a handful of salt with a jerk,

And stirred the pudding, and stirred the fire,
Which made the bubbles leap higher and
higher,
And as soon as the clock struck twelve she
took
The great big pot off the great big hook.

It wasn't scorched! Ah! that was nice!
And one little dish would not suffice
Mr. or Mrs. Dobbs, I guess,
John, or George, or Jennie, or Bess;
And as for Sally, I couldn't say
How much of the pudding she'd stow away,
For she was tired and hungry, no doubt,
And very fond of this stirabout.

A happier group you'd ne'er be able
To find than sat at the Dobbs's table,
With plates and spoons, and a hungry wish
To eat their fill of the central dish.
But as Mr. Dobbs began to taste
The pudding, he dropped his spoon in haste;
And all of the children did likewise,
As big as saucers their staring eyes.

Said Mrs. Dobbs, in a voice not sweet:
“Why, it isn't fit for the pigs to eat!”
And I doubt if an artist would e'er be able
To depict their looks as they left the table.

Said Sally : " I thought it would be so nice !
 But I must have salted that pudding twice ! "
 And none of the family mentioned that they
 Had a hand in spoiling the dinner that day.

A WORD OF CHEER.

 WORD of cheer
 From a heart sincere,
 And the clasp of a friendly hand,
 Will comfort more
 Than a golden store,
 As we walk through this pilgrim land.

The thirsty lip
 All in vain may sip
 From the gleaming goblets near ;
 Nor find the calm,
 Nor the cordial balm,
 Expressed in a word of cheer.

When bending low,
 With a weight of woe,
 When troubles like clouds descend,
 What then more dear
 Than a word of cheer
 From a loving and faithful friend !
 The sunshine warm
 Soon dispels the storm,

The mists and gloom disappear,
 And the fainting soul
 Is again made whole
 And strong, by a word of cheer.

There are hearts that ache,
 There are hearts that break,
 Despite the wealth they possess,
 For lack of the word
 That we have deferred
 To comfort their loneliness.
 O, sweetest of alms !
 Most blessed of balms !
 Whatever our station here,
 There are times we feel
 That nothing can heal
 Our wounds like a word of cheer.

A QUIET FRIEND.



THERE are days that are given to
 gladness,
 To merry-making and wholesome
 cheer.

When the heart runs out of the reach of
 sadness,
 And close to the jovial crowd draws near ;

When song and laughter are wreathed together,
A garland to bind on the brow of Time,
And, whatever may be the out-door weather,
We breathe the airs of a sunny clime.

And there are times when we loathe the splendor
Of gay carousals in Fashion's courts,
And shun the youths and the maids who attend her,
Nor take delight in their joyous sports ;
When we tire of smiling and careless faces,
And long devoutly our steps to wend
Away from them all to secluded places,
Our sole companion a quiet friend.

Yes, there are seasons for mirth and laughter ;
But wounded hearts find a soothing balm
In the hush and the rest that follow after
These storms of joy, with a peaceful calm.
And, O ! 'tis sweet, after all the riot,
To sit in silence with folded hands
Beside a friend never dull, though quiet,
Who sympathizes and understands.

A quiet friend ! Ah ! we cannot measure
The power to comfort, console, and bless
That lies in the power of such a treasure,
Which we are happy if we possess.
And oft from the heart that is sad and
lonely,
Shrouded in gloom, will the prayer ascend.
That Heaven, kind Heaven, will grant it
only—
This one rare blessing—a quiet friend.

KEEP THEM YOUNG.



KEEP the little ones young, my
dear,
Don't let them grow old too fast;
For short is the season of youth, my dear,
And soon are its pleasures past;
O, speak to them ever in love, my dear,
And smile at their childish ways;
For we have been young ourselves, my
dear,
And we've had our foolish days.
That dear little fellow, so full of pranks,
Will soon be a man, you know ;
And if he is set in a kindly soil,
In goodness and strength he'll grow.

Have patience, my dear, with his tricksome ways,

And don't throw a cloud on his joy ;
For you know there are many years for the man,

But precious few for the boy !

And that sweet little girl !—have a care,
my dear,

That you turn not the vine astray,
That will blossom and cheer us all our lives,

If we train it in wisdom's way.
The children grow out of our clinging arms ;

But the lullabies we have sung
Will ring in their ears when our lips are cold,

And keep their hearts fresh and young.

O, keep the little ones young, my dear,
Don't let them grow old too fast;
For short is the season of youth, my dear,
And soon are its pleasures past.

Don't hurry them into the care and strife,
And out of the dear home nest;
But let them be children as long as they can,
For the time is not long at the best.

THE GOOD THINGS OF LIFE.

HE good things of life are not hard to obtain,

If early we follow directions,
And carefully train both the heart and the
brain

On good things to fix their affections.

Good books we can find,

If we have but the mind

And taste, and the good sense to choose
them;

Good company they,

Any hour of the day,

To those who delight to peruse them.

The good things of life it were folly to seek

Among the corrupt and the vicious,

The hue of whose cheek and whose lan-
guage bespeak

Indulgences low and pernicious.

Good friends we secure,

The true-hearted and pure,

Where virtue betrays no abusing;

And so much depends

On our intimate friends,

We can't be too careful in choosing.

The good things of life the Creator commends
In ways that we miss through our blindness;
Good books, and good friends, and good wives Heaven sends
To those who will treat them with kindness.

And if we admire
Good things, and desire
To add to the store we are using,
We must cast in our lot
With the good, and be not
Too hasty or careless in choosing.

AN ANSWERED PRAYER.

HE snow lay white on the window-sill,
The wintry breezes blew damp and chill,
The hearth-fires gleamed with a ruddy light,
And few were abroad on the streets that night.
A mother sat by the cheerful blaze
Sadly thinking of other days,
Of the spring of life and its dreams of joy,
But most of all of her absent boy.

He was driven away by an angry sire
In a moment of wrath when words struck
 fire,
And for years had dwelt from his home
 apart,
Though never outside of his mother's heart.
Slowly and sadly the years had sped,
And the neighbors whispered, "The boy is
 dead!"
But the mother smiled, for a clew she had
To the whereabouts of her sailor lad.

He had not written. No, never a word
Of the wandering one had she ever heard,
But the mother-love had detained him near,
And in fancy she pictured his whole career
Since with firm-set lip he forsook his home,
A wanderer over the world to roam ;
And she knew that her prayers, like an end-
 less chain,
Would bring him back to her side again.

Still the years went by, and the old man's
 face
Of pride and anger lost every trace,
And around his mouth and his eyes were set
The lines of hopeless and deep regret ;

While tears of sorrow had dimmed the
light
Of the mother's eyes, that were once so
bright,
And her cheek had lost its color, until
'Twas as white as the snow on the window-
sill.

Before the blaze of the warm fire-light
They sat and talked, on this wintry night,
Of stocks, and crops, and events of the
day—

Of every thing else but that which lay
Close to their hearts, like a touch of flame,
Branding more deeply the loved one's name,
When all of a sudden the old man said,
“Do you really think, Hannah, our boy is
dead !”

“No! no!” she shrieked, with her hands in
air,

While her heart was lifted in earnest
prayer,

And her face reflected celestial light—
“He is thinking of us, I know, to-night !”
The blast blew open the outer door,
The snow-flakes drifted along the floor ;
But they heeded not, as they wept their tears,
Nearer in heart than they'd been for years.

Unheard was the sound of a manly tread,
 Unfelt the presence till some one said,
 “Father ! Mother !” in tones that fetched
 Both to their feet, with arms outstretched.
 Wet were the smiles that revealed the joy
 Of the mother who welcomed her darling
 boy ;
 While the old man said, with a reverent
 air,
 “Thank God ! thank God for this answered
 prayer ! ”

A LITTLE BIT OF PRAISE.

 Y Uncle David was a man
 So proper and so nice,
 We always used to go to him
 When needing good advice ;
 He knew the rules of etiquette,
 And all the points of law,
 And in each finished piece of work
 Was sure to note a flaw.

Severely simple were his tastes,
 Yet no one could deny
 That in his view of men and things
 He used a critic’s eye.

And O ! the look of stern reproof
Our worthy kinsman gave,
If any little rascal dared
To call him Uncle Dave !

As dignified as any don,
He held himself aloof
From all the merry games and sports
That shook the household roof ;
In manners we were so uncouth
And rude—it was a shame
There was so little to commend,
So very much to blame !

To Uncle Ben, who was, in truth,
A simple-hearted man,
With all our little woes and griefs,
And greater ones, we ran ;
He seemed to understand the case,
Though blunderingly told,
And often kissed the very one
We thought he ought to scold.

And babies always used to act
Their very worst, and cry,
When Uncle David was around—
I need not tell you why ;

And these same little ones would laugh,
 Stretch out their arms and crow,
 Whenever Uncle Ben appeared,
 Because they loved him so.

The one was wise in books, and all
 The knowledge they impart ;
 The other understood the need
 Of every human heart,
 And wisely did his best to smooth
 Life's crooked, tangled ways,
 By giving, every now and then,
 A little bit of praise.

A little bit of praise will do
 A world of good, you'll find ;
 'Tis strength and courage to the heart,
 'Tis medicine to the mind ;
 And oft has welcome sunshine lent
 A brightness to our days,
 Because of one who kindly spoke
 A pleasant word of praise.

ONE DAY OF GLADNESS.



NE day of gladness makes amends
 For all the ills misfortune sends,
 As one full leaved and perfect flower
 Rewards us for each anxious hour.

E'en as the sunshine floods the plain,
And dries all traces of the rain,
So joy upon our path appears,
And leaves no vestiges of tears.

Though sorrow to our side may slip,
And give us close companionship,
While round about deep shadows fall,
One day of gladness brightens all.

With cheerful glow it reaches far
Beyond the light of moon or star,
Shining long after day is done,
Brightly as Norway's midnight sun.

Though we with favored ones abide
Serenely on life's sunny side,
One day more beautiful and blest
Exceeds in splendor all the rest.

Or when the past is in review,
And cares seem many, comforts few,
How are the troubles that annoy
Extinguished by a gleam of joy !

For all the sorrows of this life,
For all the suffering and strife,
In bliss that earthly bliss transcends,
The glad hereafter makes amends !

THE FACE OF A FRIEND.

ALONE in the city, surrounded by
strangers,
And jostled about by an elbowing
throng,

With nobody near us to comfort and cheer
us

As sadly and slowly we journey along—
How lonely the heart, and how eager the
glances,

As hither and thither our footsteps we
wend,

Betraying so plainly that vainly, still
vainly,

We search through the crowd for the face
of a friend !

The place seems a desert, though windows
are gleaming

With colors that vie with the rainbow in
hue,

Though ribbons and laces, and hosts of
bright faces,

In holiday splendor, are out on review.

Though the wealth of the Indies be poured
in our coffers,
Though plenty of silver and gold we may
spend,
These cheer not our sadness, nor waken the
gladness
We feel at beholding the face of a friend.

The face of a friend ! How it shines through
the darkness
That often assails us ! How preciously near
It seems, when the trial of long, long denial
Has made the sweet blessing unspeakably
dear !
The heart is consoled, and is lonely no
longer,
Its terrors and tremors are all at an end,
And the way that was dreary becomes
bright and cheery,
Illumined at once by the face of a friend.

AN ANGEL'S TOUCH.

 LITTLE maid, whose looks betrayed
A sorrow far too deep for tears,
Stepped in the store ('twas known she
bore
A burden weighty for her years),

And, with the nickel in her hand,
She lingered till the clerk was free
To wait upon her. She had come
To purchase five cents' worth of tea.

Men stood not far off, by the bar,
In haste the whisky-fire to quaff,
The glasses clinking as they drink,
As if it were the demons' laugh.
They turned away the score to pay,
When one among them chanced to find
The little maid asleep; her head
Against a barrel near inclined.

E'en while she slept, the coin she kept
Still tightly guarded—precious store!—
That was to buy a small supply
Of tea—when food was needed more.
Her story sad the grocer's lad
Told to the men who stood anear,
And one ashamed, straightway exclaimed,
“Say, drunkards, all of you, look here!

“We drink our fill of whisky, till
Our money's gone, our senses fled,
While this one here (he brushed a tear)
Is suffering for want of bread!

I'm not bereft of feeling yet,
 Thank God ! " he added, as he took,
With generous impulse, an amount
 Of money from his pocket-book.

"I'll give my share!" another there
 Exclaimed, who would not be outdone;
"And I!"—"And I!" till by and by
 Five dollars were in this way won.
Then from her hand one of the band
 The nickel took—preserved with care—
And in its place, with tender grace,
 Left the much larger treasure there.

The little child then sweetly smiled :
 "The gal's a dreamin', boys, no doubt !"
The spokesman said. With gentle tread,
 He and his comrades then went out.
The clerk awoke the child, who spoke
 With ringing laugh—all free from care ;
"O ! ma," said she, " wasn't sick, and we
 Had lots to eat and lots to wear !

" It didn't seem to be a dream,
 It was so real ! I can't forget
An angel stood there bright and good,
 And touched my hand ; it burns me yet ! "

With startled gaze, all in amaze,
She sees the bill within her hand ;
And how the change so wondrous strange
Was wrought she fails to understand.

Her arms heaped high with good supply
Of precious things, she gladly bore.
She said, " Ma'll hardly think it true,
An angel clerked it in your store ! "
What joy, if they who on that day
Performed an angel's part so well,
Shunned, ere too late, the drunkard's fate,
And saved their souls from deepest hell !

SAVED BY A KISS.

"  WAS saved by a kiss ! " said the stalwart youth,
Whose face reflected the light of truth,
His cultured speech and his soft address
Betokening inner nobleness.
" Saved by a kiss ? " said his comrades near,
" Tell us about it ! we'd like to hear ! "
So he told his story, and those who heard
Repeated it afterward—word for word :

“ We were playing together—a ragged crew—

Dirty, and homeless, and friendless, too,
With none to love us, and none who cared—
But the God above us—how hard we fared.
Kicked and cuffed in a brutal way,
And driven about from day to day,
What chance was there for a boy to climb
Out of that region of filth and crime ?

“ O, we were a rascally, roguish set !
The greatest ‘ terrors ’ you ever met ;
Ready to steal, and ready to lie,
Ready the laws of the land to defy ;
Ready to go on a ‘ spree ’ or a ‘ lark,’
From early morning till after dark ;
Trained to crime from the very first,
Of these dare-devils I was the worst.

“ Ah, well ; it happened one summer day
As we were having a noisy play,
Cursing and swearing each breath we drew
To make us more like the men we knew,
That one in our midst like an angel stood—
‘ Twas easy to see she was sweet and good—
And she spoke so kindly, I stopped my play
For a moment to hear what she had to say.

“I raised my eyes to her face, and met
A look of pity—of sad regret—
And something that thrilled me through
and through ;
And before I guessed what she meant to do,
The lady bent with the sweetest grace
And gave me a kiss on my dirty face,
Which made me tremble with glad surprise,
And made the tears gush out of my eyes.

“That kiss decided me to begin
To raise myself from the sloughs of sin ;
To be a man in the truest sense,
Without parade and without pretense ;
And whatever I am to-day I owe
To one who for Christ’s sake stooped so low,
And made the angels in heaven glad
With the kiss that she gave to a friendless
lad.”

TYING THE KNOT.

“ THIS is a *true lover's knot*,” he said,
As he twisted over a bit of thread,
And carefully drawing the ends
out straight,
Presented the form of the figure eight.

“It is, my darling, a double noose,
Pretty to look at if left quite loose,
But two hearts closely we may unite
By pulling the ends of the cords up tight.

“This is a *bowline knot*,” quoth he,
To the merry maiden upon his knee;
“And terrible things on the mighty ship
Would happen, you know, if this knot should
slip :

In dropping the anchor, in hoisting sail,
In making safe from the fearful gale ;
And the bowline knot you will understand
Should never be made by a careless hand.

“And this is a *weaver’s knot*, my dear—
An intricate puzzle to you, I fear ;
But you’ll find you’ll often have use for it
When the children’s stockings you learn to
knit.

O, what confusion and loss beside,
If a knot in the warp were left untied !
Hither and yon would the stitches run,
And the weaver’s weaving be soon undone.

“In tying a knot, if you tie it wrong
You can’t depend on it very long ;
But if made as it ought to be, firm and fast,
’Twill hold and tighten, and always last.

Now which of these knots do you like the best?"

Said he; and the maiden whom he addressed

Like a woman answered, and queried, too :
"I like the true lover's knot. Don't you?"

POOR WIDOW GRAY.

 POOR Widow Gray ! She was always in trouble ;

If you called at her house any hour of the day,

You'd find her in tears, and bent over quite double,

Lamenting the burdens that stood in her way.

There was plenty to do, and but little to do with ;

And patching and mending were not to her taste ;

And a nice little income her children ran through with,

Their time and their talents encouraged to waste.

She never had trained them to be neat or
handy,
Or to wait on themselves if a servant was
near;
And it pleased her to see Jack so much of
a dandy,
And she wished she could give him a
thousand a year.

And as for beautiful ladylike Alice,
Her indolent ways and her dignified mien
Would surely befit her to dwell in a palace,
And reign with much grace a society queen.

Economy, prudence, were words that she
hated;
She also despised their Scotch relative,
Thrift;
And building up air-castles, dreamily waited
For long-delayed Fortune to give her a lift.

Her clothes were untidy; her house was
neglected;
The wolf at the door lingered early and
late;
While the Widow Gray sat in a corner, de-
jected,
With tears and lamentings bemoaning
her fate.

How different this from her life as she
planned it ;

Each day her misfortunes had changed
for the worse.

How cruel was fate ! She could not under-
stand it ;

And so kept her spirits as low as her
purse.

Ah, poor Widow Gray ! it is true the world
over,

That those who indulge in extravagant
ways

Are seldom, if ever, found living in clover,
But always are poor to the end of their
days !

IN SEARCH OF A FLAT.

“**W**E must move,” said the dear lit-
tle wife, with a sigh
That rose from the depths of
her heart ;

“I’ve been so contented and happy that I
Am really quite loth to depart.

“ But still, it is better, if Ben will persist
In wasting his time in this way,
By staying out late with a party at whist,
And having a headache next day.

“ He promised to love me, and care for me,
too,
And sweeten the journey of life ;
But O, of the future how little I knew
When taking the vows of a wife !

“ The love and the care have been mine, I
confess,
And Ben has no cause to complain,
For he never is conscious but what a caress
Is a remedy sure for all pain.

“ He doesn’t do right ; and he seems to have
lost
The meaning of pride and of shame,
And swears—O ! so hard—when his wishes
are crossed :
I wonder if I am to blame ? ”

O, bitter, indeed, were the tears that she
shed !
How painfully tender the smart !
Far better to mourn for a love that is dead
Than to live with its thorn in the heart !

“The neighbors are kind, but they notice,
I’m sure,
Ben’s ways—and ‘tis better, I know,”
Said the brave little woman, “since there is
no cure,
That we among strangers should go.

“My fortune he’s spending as if ‘twere his
own,
But I would give all I possess,
And work these poor fingers of mine to the
bone,
If Ben would love liquor the less !

“I’ve seen a nice flat—though ‘tis up rather
high—
And if I am lonely, what then ?
Perhaps of starvation and grief I may die,
And who’ll then look after poor Ben ?”

We frequently spoke of the life that she
led,
Of her womanly pride, and all that ;
And she needn’t have taken the trouble, we
said,
To go out in search of a *flat*.

A STATELY DAME.

 THERE'S a stately dame—I'll not tell
her name—

Who holds herself with a lofty pride,
So vain is she of her pedigree,
For to Lord Hightariff she's close allied.
When she moves her hand to give a com-
mand,

To greet her friend or to bid adieu,
'Tis with such an air as a queen might wear
When she condescended to notice you.

From early to late she sits in state,
And, uninvited, none dare encroach
On the small domain where she loves to
reign,

Or near her presence in haste approach.
The children run from her side, and shun
Her formal favors, though liking much
Her apparel fine and her jewels' shine,
Which they early learn that they must
not touch.

She presides with skill, as such women will,
At district meetings, charity fairs,
And ladies' clubs—where her haughty snubs
Seem quite a part of the rank she bears.

A laugh or a smile is not her style,
But with dignity she performs her part ;
And, though strong in mind, 'twould be
hard to find

Another woman who had less heart.

No babe to her breast is ever press'd ;
Nor does she soothe in a tender tone
The sick and worn, or the souls that mourn
O'er the many trials and griefs they've
known.

O, cold-blooded queen of imperial mien !
I envy you neither your wealth nor fame,
And rejoice each day that you pass my way
That my mother was not such a stately
dame.

THE RIGHT OF WAY.

 THAT Lawyer Gilbert was grim and
gruff
All at Nookhaven knew well enough ;
And none dare trespass on his domains
So much as to stroll through the quiet lanes
Or woods adjoining his farm, for there
Were the warning placards—No Thorough-
fare.

The dwelling where Doctor White abode
Was half a mile distant around the road,
But only a stone's throw, so it seemed
When the lights in the white house win-
dows gleamed,
From Lawyer Gilbert's; and many a time
Had one been tempted the fence to climb.

Here is a fence; and there you pass
A field of corn and some meadow grass,
A grove of trees, and a little rise
Beyond which the doctor's dwelling lies;
Another fence, and a few steps more
Will land you right at the doctor's door.

And oft when the wintry winds blew shrill,
And, because of a dear one lying ill,
There was need of haste, has an anxious
soul,
With breath well spent ere he reached the
goal,
Wished that a generous heart had planned
A "short cut" over the lawyer's land.

Now it chanced that the doctor's son had
met
The lawyer's daughter—his precious pet—

So girt about with parental law
That few of the villagers ever saw
The lovely girl ; for the lawyer grim
Fenced in whatever belonged to him.

There were stolen meetings ; in lane and
grove

Were voices whispering words of love ;
For, in spite of the law, the doctor's son
The heart of the pretty maid had won ;
And, while the lawyer had held the fort,
The lover had brought the case to court.

Ah ! who would journey for half a mile
When they have only to cross a stile
To shorten the distance ? Cowards may,
But Love has ever the right of way,
And into a path the grass has worn
Between the fence and field of corn.

And, lo and behold ! in the course of time
The barriers none had been free to climb
Were leveled to make a thoroughfare
From the main road here to the main road
there,

And over the lawyer's land to-day
Every body has right of way.

SET THE DOOR AJAR.

SET the door ajar, wife,
 For our bairn is coming,
 O'er the barren hill-side,
 Through the dreary wold ;
 Long she's been away from us,
 Longer she'll not stay from us ;
 She is coming back again : back to the fold !

'Twas a summer day, wife,
 When our darling left us ;
 Darkness fell upon us
 When she turned away ;
 Cheerless has our fireside
 Been without its joy and pride ;
 Wintry has our life been since that summer
 day.

May be we were wrong, wife ;
 Youth must have its folly ;
 We were harsh and cruel ;
 Had we been more kind,
 We might ne'er have had to rue
 Guilt we never can undo ;
 We have clearer vision now ; then we were
 blind.

Something tells my heart, wife,
That our bairn is coming
From her weary wanderings
In a land afar ;
Coming to us tearfully ;
Let us greet her cheerfully,
Light the candles early ; set the door ajar.

I can almost hear, wife,
The tumultuous beating
Of her heart whose aching
I can surely know ;
There are voices strange about,
Calling me away, no doubt ;
I must see my darling child before I go !

She may come to-night, wife,
Do not close the shutters,
On our hearts there must not
Be a bolt or bar ;
From her home we've driven her
But that we've forgiven her
She will know when she returns and finds
the door ajar !

THE LITTLE ONES AT PLAY.

W^HATEVER comes to cloud our path,
Whatever dulls the day,
We get good cheer when we draw near
The little ones at play ;
And if we enter in their mirth
And help their games along,
We please the elves, and keep ourselves
In tune with laugh and song.

The gloomy man will sit alone
To brood upon his woes,
And from his grief find no relief,
No respite, or repose ;
The careful housewife from his lair
The children keep away,
If it be found he hates the sound
Of little ones at play.

Their mirth would drive away his grief,
Their laugh assuage his pain ;
To join their ranks, their merry pranks,
Would make him young again.

And he is but a dismal churl
Who, sick or well, will shun
The house or street where children meet
For frolic and for fun.

I mind me of a cheerful house
In days of long ago,
Where children played and music made,
The sweetest that I know ;
Up with the lark from dawn till dark,
Now indoors and now out,
The girls and boys with gladsome noise
Kept up their merry rout.

But now the house is still enough ;
Too still, alas ! for me ;
There are no songs or shouts from throngs
Of children mad with glee ;
No merry noise of girls and boys
To drive dull care away,
Nor any sound the homestead round
Of little ones at play.

Ah, soon enough the changes come
That quench the light and mirth
That have their spring, their blossoming,
Around the fireside hearth ;

And, O ! it brings good cheer to us,
 And keeps our spirits gay,
 When we can see with heartfelt glee
 The little ones at play.

LOVE IS BETTER THAN SILVER AND GOLD.

THE bright waves danced at the maid-
 en's feet,
 The air was heavy with odors sweet,
 And the joyous breezes their music played
 To the trees and blossoms on dress parade.
 "Heigho !" sighed the pretty maid, caring
 naught
 For the beauty with which the scene was
 fraught,
 And thinking only how sad her lot,
 To be enchained to this lowly spot :
 "Heigho ! heigho ! what pleasures untold
 Were mine had I plenty of silver and gold ! "

Silvery flashes in streamlet's bed,
 Golden gleams in the sky o'erhead,
 Bring no joy to the soul possessed
 With the sordid feeling that gold is best.
 Men or maidens—'tis all the same—
 All are hunting the precious game ;

And youth and beauty are made the lure
The prize so coveted to secure ;
And alas ! alackaday ! hearts are sold
Far too often for silver and gold.

Scarce had ended the maiden's sigh
When a wealthy suitor came riding by,
Saw at a glance the maiden's charms,
And longed to carry her in his arms
Away to his home, where he'd provide
All that was worthy so fair a bride ;
And it mattered little to him, I wage,
That he was three or four times her age;
And she was easy to be cajoled
With a mixture of honey, silver, and gold.

They left together the country road
And the rustic cottage where she abode,
And never a backward glance she sent
To the home where her early days were
spent ;
And if ever a single thought she gave
To those who lingered to skimp and save,
'Twas only over her lot to rejoice ;
Silver and gold was the wisest choice.
Of all the treasures in earthly hold,
What could be better than silver and gold ?

“Silver and gold ! Silver and gold !”
Said the wheels of the carriage as on they
rolled ;
While the heart of the maiden was held in
thrall
‘Neath the folds of a costly India shawl.
“When lovers are poor,” she had coldly
said,
“ ‘Tis the height of folly for them to wed !”
And she rode away on her wedding-day,
Nor heard the voices that seemed to say :
“Silver and gold you may have and hold,
But love is better a thousand-fold !”

But by and by—ah ! yes, by and by,
Silver and gold would not satisfy
The heart that woke with a sense of pain
To its mighty loss, and its paltry gain ;
And she who had bartered all she pos-
sessed,
With tears and travail of soul confessed,
As she gazed on splendors she once had
prized,
As she thought of pleasures she once de-
spised :
“Than all the glitter of silver and gold,
Love is better a thousand-fold !”

THE HEART OF A ROSE.

HE held in her hand a rich red rose ;
 No sweeter was there in any bower ;
 Nor could maidenly blushes rival those
 That burned in the depths of the lovely
 flower.

Her fingers toyed with the leaves so red,
 And as slowly the bud began to unclose,
 In a tender whisper the maiden said :
 “How sweet—how sweet is the heart of
 a rose !”

She thought of blossoms that used to blow,
 In a pretty garden with treasures laden,
 Where pink, and crimson, and white as
 snow

Were the roses plucked by a youthful
 maiden ;
 “But of all the flowers that ever grew
 In those lovely bowers of long ago,”
 She murmured softly, “I never knew
 One half so sweet as the Jacqueminot !”

A voice beside her the silence broke,
 And into her cheek the hot blood rushes,
 And she turned her head as her lover spoke
 To hide from his gaze the tell-tale blushes.

“I envy Jacque !” said the artful youth,
As the blossom rested against her lips,
And stained, with its crimson glow, in truth,
Her cheek and her slender finger-tips.

“Sweet Rose !” he sighed—and his glance
betrayed

Which one the youth was apostrophizing—

“That you should be loved by man or maid
Is not to me in the least surprising !”

And then and there, in impassioned speech,
To tell the story of love he chose,
And he said : “My darling, I do beseech
That you will give me the heart of a
Rose !

“You owned that you loved a Jacquemine
not ”

(Of both the roses he took possession),

“And if that, my darling, is really so,
Let me have from your lips the sweet
confession.”

Ah, rich and red was the lovely hue
That dyed her cheeks, as the maiden bent
To kiss her lover ! and then he knew
That he was really the JACK she meant !

WE CANNOT BE HAPPY ALONE.

"Joy flies monopolists; it calls for two."—YOUNG.

WE may sorrow alone, and in silence
 Endure the deep anguish and pain;
 We may hide every wound from our
 dear ones,
 And ne'er in their presence complain;
 But when on our part joy arises,
 And skies that were clouded grow bright,
 We hasten to tell the good tidings
 To those who will share our delight.

For years we may bear the sad burden
 Ill fortune has harshly imposed;
 May wear out our lives, and the secret
 We guarded remain undisclosed;
 But when from the grave where we lan-
 guish
 An angel displaces the stone,
 We hasten to tell the good tidings
 To hearts that rejoice with our own.

When death has come into our dwelling
 And stolen our treasures away,
 When grief with its mantle has shrouded
 The sunshine that brightened our day,

Then, closing the doors and the windows,
In secret we sorrow and moan,
For none can have part in afflictions
That each heart must suffer alone.

Ah, little the world can imagine
The troubles and cares that oppress
The many too brave and too noble
To give any sign of distress!
And little we dream of the trials
A brother or sister has known,
Who smiles in the face of misfortune,
And sheds bitter tears when alone.

True Grief, with the old Roman spirit—
Heroic, majestic, and proud—
Will cover its face, and endeavor
Its anguish to hide from the crowd ;
While Joy, no adept at concealing
Its presence, for ages has shown
That, though he has Eden to live in,
Man cannot be happy alone.

WHAT WILL MOTHER SAY?

WHAT will mother say, my boy ?
What will mother say,

When she hears of evil deeds
You have done to-day ?

All her hopes and plans for you
Blighted at a breath !

Honor scorned and virtue lost ;
This is worse than death !

Tearfully she thought of you ;
Prayerfully she kept
Vigils through the solemn hours
When all others slept.

When she learns how heartlessly
You have turned away
From her loving counsels, O,
What will mother say ?

Other sons might be misled,
Evil ways pursue ;
Undisturbed the confidence
She reposed in you.

When she finds how cruelly
You this trust betray,
Blinding and deceiving her,
What will mother say ?

When she comprehends the truth
 Long she's disbelieved ;
 When she cannot fail to see
 How she's been deceived ;
 When the idol Love had throned
 Proves 'twas coarsest clay,
 All unworthy such regard—
 What will mother say ?

Ere you wander from her side
 Into paths of shame ;
 Ere you sacrifice your pride
 In a virtuous name ;
 Ere you follow after those
 Urging you astray,
 Heed the voice that whispers now :
 “What will mother say ?”

“A LAUGH IS WORTH A HUNDRED
 GROANS !”

WE often meet upon the street
 A friend it is a joy to greet,
 Whose kindly smile and words of
 cheer
 Bid gloomy shadows disappear.

He does not show the marks of woe,
Or of his trials let us know,
Nor yet perform an actor's part
To keep us distant from his heart.

When he is near we have no fear,
Or thought, that he is insincere,
So much of truth is in his gaze,
So frank and cordial are his ways;
With mirthful charms he soon disarms
Us of our sorrows and alarms,
And says, in bright, electric tones :
“A laugh is worth a hundred groans !”

We turn away to bid “Good-day”
To one who comes in sad array,
With lengthened visage, and the air
That Sorrow’s children always wear.
There is no mirth around his hearth,
He adds not to the joys of earth,
And fails to comprehend the jokes
Of merry, laughter-loving folks.

His touch is cold as church-yard mold,
Without a word his griefs are told;
And few are anxious to attend
His steps, or own him as a friend.

Life's sunny glow they never know
 Who thus in somber livery go,
 And ever stubbornly endure
 The ills a hearty laugh might cure.

More blest are they—the glad and gay—
 Who scatter sunshine on their way ;
 Whose heads in grief not long are bowed ;
 Who see the light through every cloud.
 The heart must bear its weight of care,
 And of life's troubles have a share.
 Of what avail these mournful moans ?
 “ A laugh is worth a hundred groans ! ”

MENDING THE NET.

HE fisherman sat by the door of his
 cot,

As jolly and happy as he could be,
 Content with himself and his humble lot,
 And always at home on the bright blue
 sea.

He was mending a net, and he crooned a
 song,

While busily plying his needle and
 twine ;

“ O Trouble and Care, you may jog along,
 Nor tarry within this dwelling of mine.

Trouble and care worry and wear ;
A woman's heart you may soon re-
pair ;
But the heart of a man if rent in
twain
Can never be put together again ! ”

The fisherman smiled as he looked around
O'er the field he reaped with the trusty
seine,
And thought of the farmers who tilled the
ground,
And said, “ It is better to plow the main.
For though to-day I've no luck at all,
The net may break and the prize slip
through,
To-morrow I'll try for another haul,
And find my net is as good as new !
Trouble and care worry and wear ;
A woman's heart you may soon re-
pair ;
But the heart of a man if rent in twain
Gan never be put together again ! ”

The fisherman's daughter sat just within
The door of the cottage that stood ajar,
Her hand supporting her dimpled chin,
As she gazed out over the harbor bar.

And she said to herself, “O men may go
And puzzle their heads over maps and
charts,
But they’re better at mending nets, I trow,
Than mending or measuring women’s
hearts !”
“Trouble and care worry and wear;
A woman’s heart you may soon repair;
But the heart of a man if rent in twain
Can never be put together again!”

The maiden listened and shook her head,
And heavily sighed as she murmured low :
“It is not true as the song has said,
For I would be happier were it so !”
Still the fisher sang to a lively air
As he mended the net that was torn apart,
Nor guessed that already trouble and care
Had found their way to his daughter’s
heart :
“Trouble and care worry and wear;
A woman’s heart you may soon repair ;
But the heart of a man if rent in twain
Can never be put together again !”

Thus men may sing, and thus men may say,
But women will have it the other way.

A LITTLE GIRL FROM OUT OF TOWN.

ALITTLE child from out of town
One pleasant day went tripping down
The street, with bright and happy air,
That lighted all the thoroughfare.
She wore no rich, expensive dress
Her rank and fortune to express,
But in a plain and simple gown
Made her first entry into town.

At every store she stopped to gaze,
Wide-eyed, at the bewildering maze
Of colors, with such shrewdness blent
That each unto the other lent
Some portion of its beauty, while
With sweet, appreciative smile
She made it known, the artless elf,
How much the picture pleased herself.

The jostling crowd, the rushing strife,
The incidents of city life,
The chiming bells, the screaming boys,
And every harsh, discordant noise,
And every strange and startling sight,
Filled with unspeakable delight,
That left no trace of fear or frown,
This little maid from out of town.

Grown too familiar with the scene,
With careless grace or haughty mien,
With anxious face, or stolid gaze,
The many tread the tangled maze;
But she goes gleaning here and there
Along the busy thoroughfare,
And many a jeweled thought will find
To enrich the storehouse of her mind.

The innocent wonder on her face,
Her artless speech, her bird-like grace,
Her neat attire, her simple dress,
And all her sweet attractiveness,
Make up a vision bright and fair,
Pure as a breath of country air ;
And Eden's glory seems to crown
The little child from out of town.

Ah, would we might delay the doom
That brushes off the youthful bloom,
And from her spirit and her eyes
Removes the look of charmed surprise !
It may not be ; ere many days,
Familiarized with city ways,
She'll change the graces and the gown
That marked the child from out of town.

COMING DOWN THE STAIRS.

WEARY, I was climbing
Up the stair-way steep,
Toward my little bedroom,
There to rest and sleep,
When a little maiden
Met me, unawares,
With a peal of laughter,
Coming down the stairs.

Like a gleam of sunshine
On a gloomy road,
Like an angel presence
In a dark abode,
Came the precious darling,
Full of sparkling glee,
Rapturously kissing
And embracing me.

With her arms around me
Hugging me so tight,
I could have ascended
Still another flight,
All my weary feelings,
All my weight of cares,
Vanishing at sight of her
Coming down the stairs.

Toilsome seems the journey
 As our way we wend
 Through the darkened passage,
 And the steeps ascend ;
 But the joy of meeting
 Flesh and soul upbears,
 If we hear loved footsteps
 Coming down the stairs.

Coming down to meet us
 From their home above,
 Coming down to greet us
 With their smiles of love,
 Are the bright-robed angels,
 Singly, or in pairs,
 For our help and guidance
 Coming down the stairs.

THE FUNNY STORY.

THIS was such a funny story ! how I wish you could have heard it ! For it set us all a-laughing, from the little to the big ; I'd really like to tell it, but I don't know how to word it, Though it travels to the music of a very lively jig.

If Sally just began it, then Amelia Jane
would giggle,
And Mehitable and Susan try their very
broadest grin ;
And the infant Zachariah on his mother's
lap would wriggle,
And add a lusty chorus to the very merry
din.

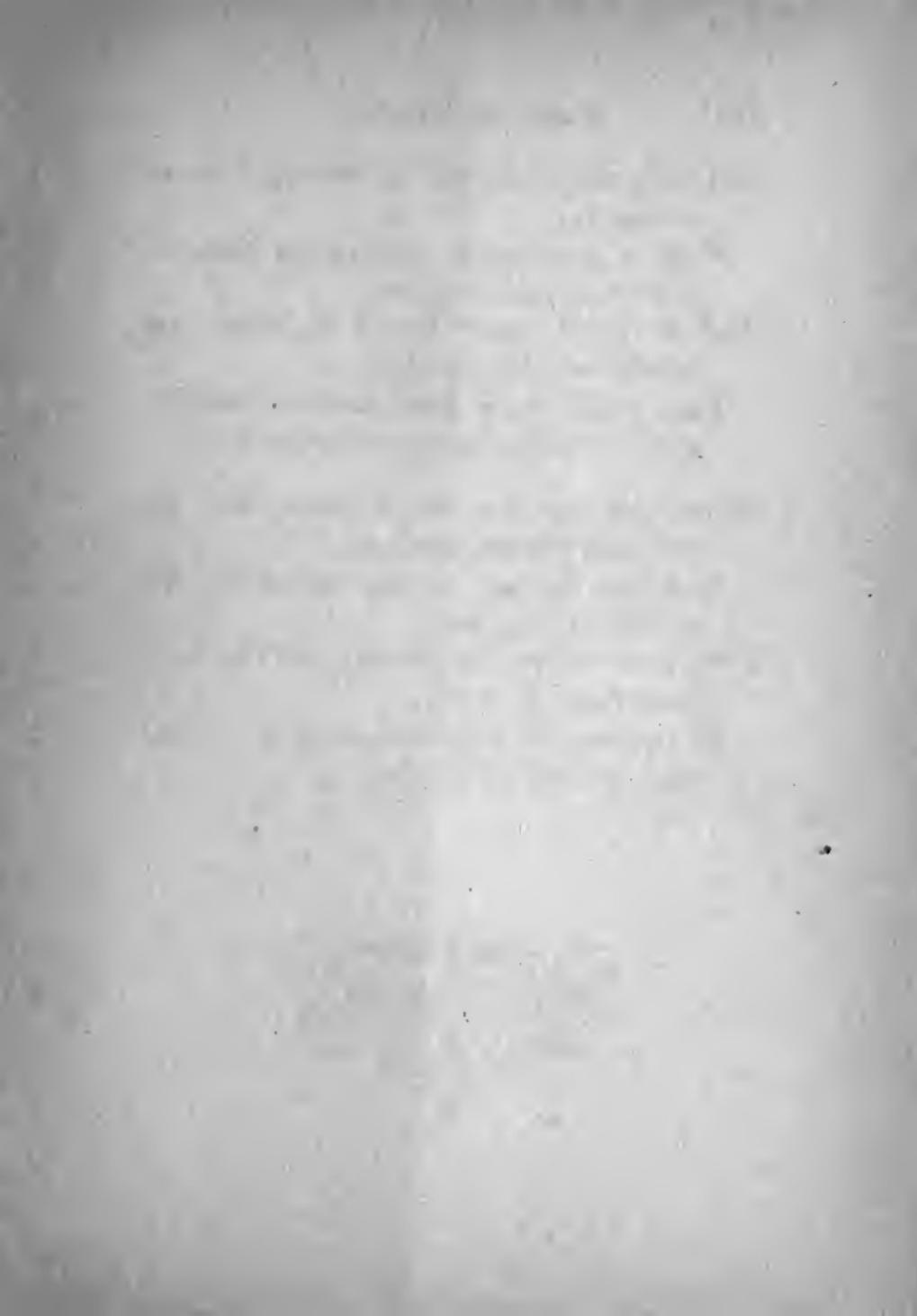
It was such a funny story, with a cheery
snap and crackle,
And Sally always told it with so much
dramatic art,
That the chickens in the door-yard would
begin to "cackle, cackle,"
As if in such a frolic they were anxious
to take part.

It was all about a—ha ! ha !—and a ho !
ho ! ho !—well, really,
It is—he ! he ! he !—I never could begin
to tell you half
Of the nonsense there was in it, for I just
remember clearly
It began with ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! and it
ended with a laugh.

But Sally she could tell it, looking at us so
demurely,
With a woebegone expression that no
actress would despise;
And if you'd never heard it, why you
would imagine, surely,
That you'd need your pocket-handker-
chief to wipe your weeping eyes.

When age my hair has silvered, and my
step has grown unsteady,
And the nearest to my vision are the
scenes of long ago,
I shall see the pretty picture, and the tears
may come as ready
As the laugh did, when I used to ha ! ha !
ha ! and—ho ! ho ! ho !



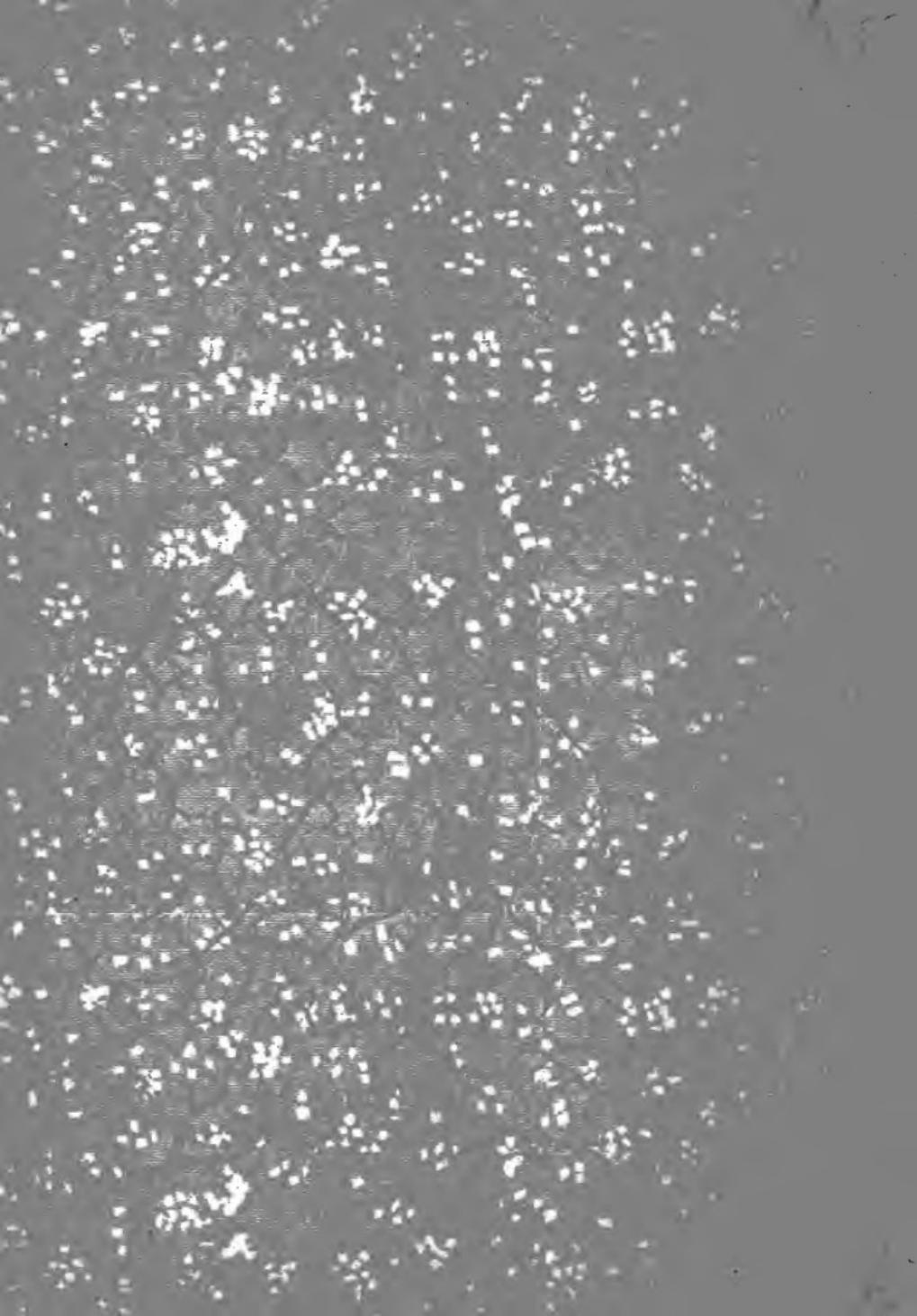


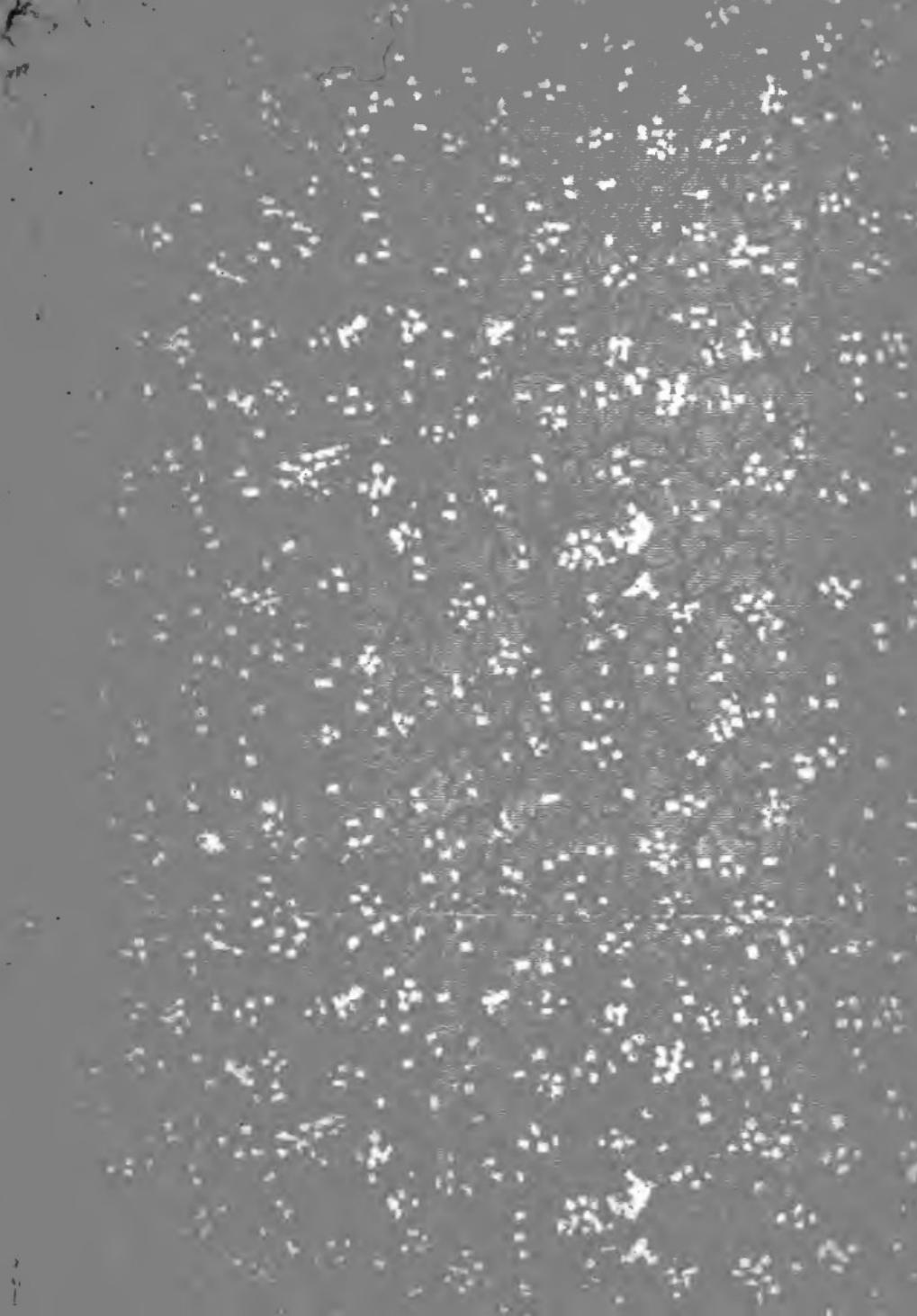












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